

FRIDAY, APRIL 28, 1916

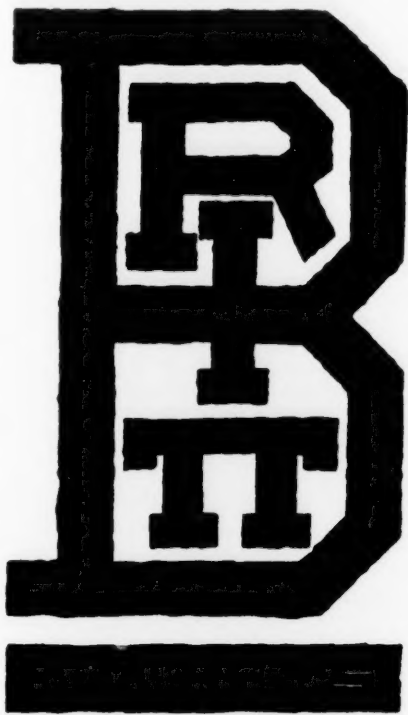
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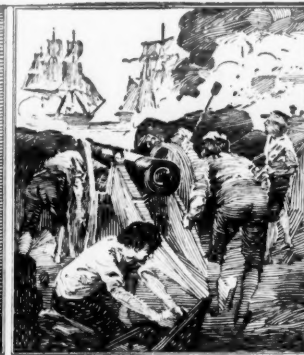
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REEDY'S MIRROR

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WILLIAM M. REEDY, Editor and Proprietor.

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Reflections

By William Marion Reedy

No Break Likely

GERMANY wants no more enemies. It would be insanity on her part to flout the protest of the United States against her methods of submarine warfare, for it is not alone our protest, but the protest of all neutrals. The war will end some day and Germany will need national friendships in her recuperation. There are vast numbers of Germans who want no wider spread of war, and particularly no war with the United States and no severance of diplomatic relations. The Kaiser and his counselors cannot ignore the German people. The so-called war-lords appear to be preparing to conciliate this government at Washington, else the pacificatory editorials of Max Harden and others would not have passed the censor. It is almost certain a break will be avoided, since this country does not want war. There are ways out for Germany, without grievous humiliation, and the last note of President Wilson was not an ultimatum.

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Ireland Gets In

THE war may now be regarded as complete. Ireland has got into it. But the *Sinn Feiners* rose just twenty-one months too late. Had they revolted in August, 1914, with England unprepared, they might long since have had the Kaiser crowned in Dublin, King of Ireland, though how that would help to Irish freedom no one can make out. Sir Roger Casement fumbled his job of rebellion. He's no Emmett or Wolfe Tone.

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Some Portraits

TWELVE portraits of St. Louisans by Mr. S. D. Rogers are on exhibition at the Kocian galleries on Tenth and Locust streets. The pictures are good painting, harmonious in color, easy in pose, free in treatment. There is nothing of the ultra-artistic about them. They are natural, life-like. The men pictured are Col. Wells H. Blodgett, the late Capt. Robert McCulloch, the late Mr. Daniel M. Houser, Mr. Clarence H. Howard, Mr. N. A. McMillan, Mr. George W. Niedringhaus, the late Rev. Dr. Samuel J. Nicolls, the late Mr. Edward Preetorius, Mr. William Marion Reedy, United States Senator William J. Stone, Mr. Festus J. Wade and Mr. Henry Wood. The artist, Mr. Rogers, is an associate of the Strauss photographic studio.

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The Mexican Puzzle

WHO knows enough of the facts with regard to our relations with Mexico just now to be able to write intelligent comment upon them? Nobody. There is no news upon which one can rely. It seems that our punitive expedition is halted pending certain diplomatic negotiations with Carranza. We are responsible for Carranza and must help him if we can do so without hurting our own prestige in the matter of the pursuit of Villa. It is doubtful that the people of this country favor brushing Carranza aside and making the expedition after Villa a case of intervention. But it is not a matter of doubt that the people of the United States do not favor any course by which the Villa raid shall go unpunished. We may stand for some measure of Car-

ranza's saving his face with his own people, but not for his doing so in such a way as to create the impression among Mexicans that the United States is afraid or unable to assert its power against Mexicans who attacked our troops on our own soil. In short, the people of the United States will not submit to being tricked by Carranza out of bringing Villa and his band to justice. A withdrawal of our forces from Mexico, in the light of what facts we have, would be a grave mistake in that it would advertise our unpreparedness to protect our own territory from invasion. Another Vera Cruz expedition would make the country ridiculous, if not contemptible. If we cannot get Villa now we should make Carranza get him, and if he cannot do it, we should go in and get him even if it overthrows the First Chief with the whiskers.

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Pros and Cons

CONGRESSMAN COLQUITT is "exposed" as seeking the German vote in his campaign for the United States Senatorship in Texas. But let us not exaggerate what he has done. He has sought the support of those American voters who believe that the Administration is antagonistic to Germany. That is different from the German vote. It is not, after all, treason to differ with President Wilson on the issue with Germany. Many honest men do differ on grounds they take to be true Americanism. I think President Wilson is right, but I don't think that those who think otherwise are disloyal. I don't think it bad citizenship to say that the President is wrong, or to run for office on the platform that he is wrong. This is no time to proscribe men for their opinions, though we may vote against them and their opinions on matters of national policy. I would not even proscribe those who proclaim that the President is not doing his duty because he does not go to war with Germany. In the East there are many people who are as reprehensible for their partisanship for the Entente powers as are those who regard our obligations and duties from the point of view of German interests. There are foolish, yes, even criminal pro-Germans in this country, but they are not many. Most Americans of German birth and antecedents are guilty of nothing more than a desire to prevent a war between this country and the Fatherland. If they have votes, they are within their rights in casting those votes to that end. Politicians will seek such votes. It is in the nature of politicians so to do. Why, the Anglomaniacs of the East are saying that President Wilson is lacking in peremptoriness towards Germany because he seeks those same so-called German votes. That is what the presidential candidate of all the Anglomaniacs has been saying. It ill-becomes supporters of President Wilson, then, to condemn anti-Wilson politicians for doing the like. We have got to accept the pro-ally and the pro-German cleavage of opinion as a fact inherent in our citizenship and treat the people on one side or the other as entitled to try to give effect to their opinion at the polls. This doesn't mean that one must truckle to either opinion. I think that the German government has encouraged the plotters of pro-German military action in this country and should be called down therefor. I think that Germany should be made, so far as we can

make her, to abide by law in her sea warfare and not put aside law on the plea of necessity. I prefer English or French culture to German *kultur* and I do not approve either of the drive through neutral Belgium or the warningless torpedoing of the *Lusitania* or other merchant vessels. But I don't want to ostracize every man in this country who, for what he takes to be good reasons, believes both those acts were justified by the law above the law. If Mr. Colquitt, of Texas, or any other politician thinks to win office by taking Germany's side as against the United States, let him go ahead. Let the issue be threshed out in open, free discussion. Meanwhile, let the United States call Germany to account for her disregard of the laws of warfare and the rights of neutrals and for the activities of von der Goltz, von Papen and possibly more distinguished official German plotters here of war-like activities against other nations with whom we are at peace. That is the way to maintain neutrality, but if other American voters think otherwise, let them say so. We cannot oppose freedom of speech and political action and remain Americans. We should view the present situation as Americans, but if some of us have their Americanism diluted with Teutonism, the best we can do is hope that their "good angel" will "fire the bad one out." Moreover, if some folks think we ought to help out England, they are not thinking as Americans. As Americans we are not concerned with anything in the present war but the protection of American and human rights against injury in lawless war.

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Decrease of Crime in Great Britain

REPORTS from the municipal authorities in England, Ireland and Scotland are to the effect that since the beginning of the war there has been a decrease in crime and a depopulation of the prisons. There are some half-baked sociologists who put forward plausible theories to account for this wholly pleasant social condition. There are some who point to it as proof that the maintenance of an army is a good thing in that it draws away to fields of adventure the criminal element of the population. There are others who say that the happy conditions reported by the police are due to the enforcement of rules and regulations against the liquor traffic. The prisons, they say, are empty because the consumption of drink has been diminished. Still others aver that in time of war there is a relaxation of police activity, resulting in fewer arrests. How many other explanations there may be, no one can imagine. These explanations I have cited, however, are explanations that do not explain. The simple fact of the matter is that there is a decrease of crime and an emptying of the jails in the British kingdom because there is plenty of work for workers and at good wages. The drawing off of men into the army, and the desperate necessity of the empire, have created this condition. There are more jobs than there are workers to fill the jobs. Wages go up and work consequently is plentiful and alluring. With work so plentiful there is a disappearance of all those people who have been loosely described as belonging to the class of born criminals. There are no criminals, apparently, when there is plenty of work. So here we have an indication of the remedy for vice and crime. The thing to do to prevent crime and to diminish the population of the jails, is to provide work for workers at good wages. Of course, a war is not the ideal way to make such provision. But the fact that it does so should set people to thinking if the condition could not be brought about by other less drastic and ter-

rible means. It would seem to a person of ordinary thinking capacity that the government could make jobs and raise wages otherwise than by killing off some hundreds of thousands of its citizens or subjects. That this can be done no reasonable person should doubt. People who are interested in the improvement of social conditions should ponder this subject well. They should reflect that, for one thing, it shows very plainly how it is that society as organized can be responsible for crime and for the existence of populous prisons. Those who are outside of prison walls are responsible for the fact their fellows are inside those prison walls. Those outsiders should set to work to devise ways and means whereby it should be assured to every man that he shall have a job and that he shall be well paid for working at that job. A little hard and close thinking along this line would surely lead people to see the remedy, if they would start their thinking with the fundamental fact in mind that the only thing upon which a man can work is upon the land. All production harks back to that. Labor and land are the sources of wealth. If the laborer can not get to the land there is no wealth produced. If labor can only get to the land by paying someone else for the right of access, it means that the holder of the land exacts from labor, beforehand, a tribute of its product, and this tribute is exacted by those who have no exclusive rights to the land from all others who have a natural right in the land. The abolition of crime and the depopulation of prisons, therefore, can be produced more satisfactorily by construction than by destruction through war. It happens, in England, Ireland and Scotland that the war creates a great demand for labor, but this will be only temporary. When the war is over and conditions become as they were prior to August, 1914, we shall find that the masses of the people in England will not be employed in the production of war materials for the salvation of the country and will have to seek employment in other things. They will have to turn to the land and they will find that held by the landlords. The landlords will exact their tribute from everyone who wants to work or to serve in any way. As between war and landlordism the working and thinking men and women in England might not be unjustified in preferring the former.

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Col. Gardner Versus The Money Sharks

IN the campaign for the Democratic nomination for governor of Missouri all the candidates who have been in politics more or less all their lives, and in office almost as long as they have been in politics, are unanimous upon only one thing: that is, in opposition to the nomination of Colonel Fred D. Gardner. All the venerable political hacks in the state are enlisted under different banners, fighting this one man. This is significant. The politicians do not want Gardner because he is not a politician. He is a business man, and a very successful one. To their minds this means that there will be no "getting next to him" in the event of his election. The state machine is said to have been broken by the stupidity and malfeasance of the present state administration, but all the members of that machine are determined that, so far as may lay in their power, they will have for governor, next time, a man who will construct a machine out of the fragments of the one that has been smashed by the administration of Governor Major. For almost a year the political fixers have been endeavoring to unite upon one candidate. They have got no further than uniting against one candidate. Man after man has

been brought out in the hope of beating Gardner, but each new discovery of the machinists failed to "catch on with" the Missouri public. As man after man has been found wanting, Colonel Gardner's strength has increased until, now, the prospect of beating him is very slim indeed. Colonel Gardner is not suspect as to his loyalty and certainly not as to his personal ability. What then is the cause of the persistent attempt to eliminate him? It must be that there is at work in the state of Missouri an influence that has an interest in preventing his nomination. What interest can this be? The one thing with which Colonel Gardner has been identified is his land bank bill, providing means whereby the farmer can borrow money at low interest on long time for the purchase or improvement of his farm. Unquestionably this bill will be of benefit to the farmer. Whom will it hurt? It can only hurt the money lenders who exact enormous, usurious interest from the farmer for small loans under the present credit system. The larger banks probably have no interest in this whatever. The opposition to the land bank bill comes from the people who are generally designated "money sharks." Every county in the state has the dubious honor of possessing some of these gentry. They are people not without means. They have been raking off handsome profits upon loans and extensions for many years. They can very well afford to devote some of those profits to political work which has for its purpose the prevention of Colonel Gardner's nomination. From the fact that so many of the practical political manipulators throughout the state are found in the various camps of opposition to Gardner it seems reasonable to suspect that the funds of the "money sharks" are pretty well distributed and rather effectively used. Wherever there is an office holder, appointive or elective, he is generally found disparaging the candidacy of Colonel Gardner. The office holders represent, generally speaking, what is known as "the organization." "The organization" is the euphemism for "the machine." "The machine" is convinced that it can not nominate anyone identified with the present state administration, but it is determined, if possible, to nominate some one of many candidates who has been in politics and in office long enough to be amenable to the influences which bring about the establishment of machines. The office holding politician is generally a man who is looking forward to some office. He hopes to get it through interchange of courtesies—otherwise patronage—with other office holders. Naturally all the office holders resent the infusion into the political situation of a man who is not in sympathy with the traditions or practices of machine politics. They prefer their fellows, who "know the ropes," to any newcomer. There is a certain freemasonry among politicians of this kind, and this accounts for the solid front they put up against Gardner no matter how they may be split up as between other aspirants to the governorship. Nor must we forget that the big corporations in politics would rather deal with experienced politicians than with a new man. There is no other way of accounting for the opposition to Gardner on the part of the politicians and all the special interests. However, as the opposition of the machine men and the corporationists becomes more and more evident, the support for Colonel Gardner among the masses of the people—particularly in the country—becomes stronger. The fight, therefore, is one of Colonel Gardner against the political machine presumably financed by the rural and some few urban "money sharks." Upon the

theory that the people rule, there should be no doubt about the result. Colonel Gardner should be triumphantly nominated at the primary and elected next November.

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A Big Event in Chicago

THOSE publicists who have been demonstrating the iniquity of minimum wage laws should consider a recent occurrence in the city of Chicago. They have been telling us how uneconomical and unbusinesslike is the proposition of establishing a minimum wage. Now comes a great Chicago manufacturing concern and initiates the minimum wage without waiting for enactment by the legislature. The firm of Hart, Shaffner & Marx, manufacturers of clothing, has made a three-year contract with its organized workers, providing that every woman over eighteen years of age engaged in machine work shall receive \$9 a week, while those engaged on hand work shall be paid \$8. Every man on a machine will get at least \$12 a week and others \$10. All cutters whose present wages are less than \$26 per week will receive an increase of one dollar per week. This new wage scale will cost Hart, Shaffner & Marx over \$1,500,000. Is it to be supposed that they would so increase the expenses of their business if it would not pay them? Of course, it will be said that this firm made these concessions under threat of a great strike by their workers—some three thousand men and four thousand women. This is true. But under existing conditions strikes are an almost inevitable feature of a large business which must be provided against. It is highly probable that a series of strikes would cost even more than the increase in wages. It is much better to put the \$1,500,000 into wages than into the maintenance of private detectives and strike-breakers. It is much better also to put this money into wages than to use an equal or larger amount in payment for damages to houses, machinery and other property. The Hart, Shaffner & Marx arrangement seems to be the very best kind of business. In all human probability the firm will find its product increased in quantity, improved in quality and enlarged in popularity. It would seem that this firm of clothing manufacturers has benefited by the example of Henry Ford, who raised his wage scale to a maximum which the statisticians were prepared to prove could lead nowhere but to bankruptcy. It has taken a step which minimizes the probability of the occurrence of great strikes in Chicago. According to the laws of business, other houses in the same line of manufacture will have to follow suit or else face the prospect of strikes and violence and loss of trade through loss of sympathy on the part of the public that consumes their output. When such a concern as Hart, Shaffner & Marx takes such advanced ground in dealing with its organized employees it cannot but be regarded as evidence that hard-headed business men have found that it is better to make such expensive concessions than it is to invite disturbance in the trade and the development of conditions of social warfare. I have seen nothing in the larger daily newspapers of the country concerning this transaction between the manufacturers and their workers. Possibly the newspapers do not think this is news. I think it is. It is very good news. It is to be hoped that the example of Hart, Shaffner & Marx will be followed by other large manufacturers. The public will expect the example to be followed, because, if one firm can pay such wages and establish civilized conditions in their factories, other firms can do so. The occurrence should strengthen the agitation for the

minimum wage in all the large cities of the country. Large manufacturing and organized labor are institutions which have come to stay. They must get along by agreement and accommodation. They cannot exist in the state of open warfare or armed truce. When it is proved by example that a minimum wage can be established by contract and that it tends to bring about peaceful conditions and that it operates to the advantage alike of employers and employees, it will be demonstrated that the condition is a natural one and that laws may be consistently enacted for the preservation of such a condition. No longer shall we hear that minimum wage legislation is an arbitrary interference with the natural law of wages.

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Big Income Tax Frauds

IN the Scripps newspapers, Mr. Basil Manley, an investigator for the Commission on Industrial Relations, is firing broadsides against the income tax. He says the tax should yield not less than \$100,000,000 a year. Last year it yielded \$80,190,694. The government was "done" out of the difference. This fraud is facilitated by the secrecy surrounding the returns. Publicity is the remedy for that. A grave defect in the law is its omission of any requirement of returns on the increases in the value of land. Likewise the law doesn't reach the profits of speculation. Nor does the law reach dividends, because of a "dividend joker" exempting individuals from making return thereon. The deduction of interest on indebtedness is said to be taken to mean the deduction of all interest whatever. A lot of taxes is wrongfully remitted because of too liberal interpretation as to deductions for appreciation. There is no way of proving the amount of actual depreciation except by examining the books, and there has been no examination of books. In addition to all this, the law is carelessly administered by an inadequate force of officials—inadequate in numbers and in intelligence. The income that escapes the tax is the income of the wealthy. A dollar in the \$3,000 income is taxed 1 cent. In the \$500,000 income it is supertaxed 6 cents. When that dollar escapes taxation on the larger income, the government loses 7 cents. Mr. Manley's articles are written in the most approved form of exposure journalese. They are not "yellow," however. They bristle with the most impressive arrays of figures. He says that less than two-thirds of the adult population of this country owns two-thirds of all the wealth of the country, and it is the wealth of these owners which escapes taxation to the extent of \$320,000,000 per year. The heaviest evasions are those under the supertax provisions. It is the old story; the rich are the tax-dodgers. And apparently he proves his case up to the handle. He quotes Secretary of the Treasury McAdoo as having no doubt that there are extensive evasions of the tax, and as favoring a system whereby the probable income of every person can be ascertained. The Secretary disapproves of every man making his own deductions without being subject to any checking up by the officials. Everyone with a gross income of over \$3,000 should be compelled to make a return. The rule as to net incomes, after the citizen has made his own deductions, makes it impossible to get at the evasions. More officials are needed to assess and collect the tax. All this comes under the head of espionage, to which the taxpayer has such aversion. Mr. Manley cries aloud for complete publicity of returns as the first of all necessary improvements in the law. The issue is between publicity and espionage. Mr. Manley

says the former is preferable. These articles are of especial timeliness, now that money is needed for preparedness and other taxes are proposed for that purpose. It will not help the cause of national defense to have the people know that the people who have the most possessions to protect are those who evade the payment of their proportion of the cost of such protection. These articles show that the income tax is hard to collect. Its collection is expensive. The only tax easy to collect, and impossible to evade is the taxation of all the unearned increment in privately held land values.

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No Revenge!

I SEE proposals to celebrate or commemorate the sinking of the *Lusitania*. A bad idea, unless carried out with reservations. It will be remembered that our troops in the war with Spain were told not to raise the cry, "Remember the *Maine*," and that biscuits issued to the army bearing that legend were rejected. It would be an evil thing if the commemoration of the *Lusitania* affair were to take the form of a demonstration in favor of revenge. We are not at odds with Germany for revenge. We are in dispute with that country in behalf of the principles of law and humanity. There is no call for a working up of a sentiment of hatred. A *Lusitania* celebration that takes on a color of an incitement to warlike feelings would be a grave mistake. Memorial services for the Americans who went down with the *Lusitania* would be unobjectionable. But all suggestion of revenge should be eliminated. What we ask is that the sinking of ships and the drowning of neutrals upon those ships shall be discontinued. And our government demands this not alone in behalf of this country, but in behalf of all neutrals, and indeed, of the merchantmen of belligerent nations.

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The Plight of the Drama

As this paper goes to press, the Drama League of America is in session here, holding what may be called a solemn inquest upon the institution it was organized to conserve at its best. There has been much discussion of the question of what ails the drama and what is the cure for the ailment. There are many answers to the question, none quite satisfactory in convincingness. There is no drama, practically, and there are no audiences for it. The Drama League is not strong enough to furnish the audiences. There are audiences for girl shows of salacious tendencies. It will not do to blame all this on the moving pictures. The movies meet a demand on the part of the public. And the demand is for better movies just now. I wonder if the state of the drama is not due in some measure to the vitiation of public taste by the methods of modern journalism. The newspapers have trained us to crave "jolts," to hunger for sensations. Have not modern methods of journalism tended to destroy in us the sense of proportion which is the essence of any and all art? Are not trivialities exaggerated to the last degree and sex interests played up with undue enthusiasm in the papers? Is not the story with a woman in it the story that has the right of way over all others? And is not the ideal item one that answers the description of "a scream?" Perhaps such an indictment of the press is too sweeping, but there is surely enough truth in it to warrant our looking to the daily press for a very potent cause of the admitted decline in public taste with regard to the play? There is as much rag-time in journalism as there is on the stage. The smart stuff of the girl shows is the lit-

erary quality of too much of the press. Both stage and press are afflicted with a cheap cynicism and a cheaper optimism. The papers are tainted with vaudeville and vaudeville is an echo of journalistic "joshing." When you "get right down to brass tacks," the stage is not any worse off than journalism or the magazines, for the respectable papers and periodicals are dull, and most of our attempted latter-day drama is dismally preachy, when it is not furnishing forth nastiness on which to do its preaching. The press has catered to the multitude that thinks with its sensations. Now the crowd has grown obtuse and only wakes up in response to a "punch." That is how and why the movies have caught the crowd. The public taste is not only indicated by the newspapers the public reads. That taste is formed by the newspapers in their effort to write down to the multitude in the hope of capturing circulation. To be sure, the theater magnates have done their share long since to lower the drama in their appeal for dollars. They went out for the crowd to be found on the lowest plane that a popular sense of decency would tolerate. The commercialization of the theater has been in progress for twenty years. The play therein has not been "the thing." The dollar has been "the thing." Both theater and newspaper have played for the favor of the majority without education or taste and have made the standards of that majority the regnant standard, apparently. There's no business in catering to high-brows. There are not enough of them to command the respect of the business office. This is one of the evils of democracy, that those who should be its leaders underestimate its intelligence and taste and in trying to get down to it, succeed in getting only on the level of its lowest elements. The better elements, by which I do not mean the supercilious high-brows, are ignored as numerically unimportant. The masses will read better newspapers if such newspapers are provided. They will patronize better plays if such are provided at reasonable prices of admission. Both newspapers and plays are and have been "run" too much on the purely commercial basis. They should be conducted with more regard for literature and dramatic art. Whether anyone in the Drama League of America, outside of our own Mr. Percival Chubb, will present this view of the drama I do not know. I offer it as one phase of the general aesthetic condition in this country worthy of serious consideration. Instead of trying to "get down to the people" and succeeding in getting beneath them, the press and the theater should try to elevate the people by appealing to the best that is in them. Of that best there is a great deal. It should be proffered something upon which it can lay hold.

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Missouri Bankrupt

PRESIDENT HILL of the Missouri State University says Missouri is bankrupt. The University cannot get \$86,000 of its appropriations. Its vouchers are held up. The Governor of the State asked the President of the University to keep down expenses as there was no money to pay them. The University is being carried by its treasurer, but it is not of record that any of the politicians who have charge of the State's affairs are going without their pay. Education has to "go without," but "the boys" are not on short rations for a day or an hour. The Governor told President Hill the limit to which the University could draw on State funds. The Normal School at Warrensburg is also short of funds because of mismanagement of the revenues. To make matters look worse, the Treasurer has not

published the condition of the State's finances since the first of the year. The Auditor has given out the figures but said he will stop doing so at the end of this month. It is said the revenue is at least \$2,000,000 short of the sum necessary to meet the demands upon the treasury under bills passed by the last legislature. After the present month's salaries are paid, there will be not much more than \$100,000 to meet the claims for \$2,000,000. This is "woozy" State management. It is little less than idiotic. Efforts to hide the State's financial condition are foolish, yet certain candidates for office are declaring on the stump that there is a plenty of funds on hand. If so, why cannot the State University get the \$86,000 due it for the past three months from the general revenue fund? The men who have brought the State to its present plight should be retired from public life. This State needs a business administration by a business man.

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Dickie Davis

RICHARD HARDING DAVIS had his foible of vanity, but he was a man of quality, too. His courage was never questioned and his integrity as a reporter of events as he saw them was flawless. Moreover, he could write real romance. And only O. Henry has things to his credit that surpass in short-story craftsmanship "Gallegher" and "The Bar Sinister," while the "Van Bibber" sketches are as true to life as they are happy in spirit. "Dickie" Davis was a pretty high type of American and not the less high because he did good work although possessed from the beginning of means that would have prevented many another young man from doing anything. They are a little breed who attempt to belittle the achievements of Richard Harding Davis.

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"DEADLOCKED" is the word from the conference of the anthracite operators and the miners in New York, and the country faces the prospect of a strike of 176,000 men. The operators have the coal. The miners have only their labor. Coal and labor cannot connect. And yet that coal belongs of right to all the people. The dog-in-the-manger again.

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WELL, it was Ulster set Dublin the example of rebellion against England, and the head and front of the Ulster rebellion was taken into the English cabinet. Verily the present Government of Great Britain is not a strong one at home or abroad.

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Can the Trust be Abolished?

By John T. McRoy

THE word "trust," like many another journalistic term, is a vague and somewhat elastic expression. In a most nebulous manner it is fastened to certain business activities, regardless of how much they differ from a critical economic viewpoint. In popular parlance a "trust" is held to characterize any business organization controlling a very large part, either of the production or of the selling of any given commodity. The American trust is a single business concern, however many the disguises it may assume. It is, for instance, well recognized that all of the various names given the Standard Oil Co. are but different titles for the same organization. The German Kartell and the English pool are combinations of independent producers for the standardization of both business methods and prices. Speaking broadly, they are very closely knit boards of trade or manufacturers'

associations. The American trust, however, is seldom made up of independent competitive concerns, united merely on "the rules of the game." It may possess subsidiary branches, but the central force is always a single large company.

There are two standards in judging the social value of a monopoly. We may consider what manner of resources it has and in what way it is using those resources.

A concern may monopolize its field because of the superior merit of its products. Rarely, however, can this be affirmed. Even in such an event the successful corporation usually resorts to drastically unfair methods of throttling competition. Or a business may grow into a monopoly because of its ability to make the public fancy that it has the best goods. The portentously large growth of advertising is peculiarly favorable to the development of such companies. The mercantile trusts and those that vend finished products are often based on such foundations. A monopoly may enjoy its power by virtue of quick shipping and courteous services, the cumulative effect of which is to give it a reputation as a "standard" house and one safe to deal with. Such monopolies are the products of the most beneficent side of our competitive system; they show forth the survival of those who give value. Such trusts usually reduce prices below the former competitive level. They retain a fairly good, all-around standard of production because of their consciousness that they have no advantage over their competitors save the prestige and good will of an old name.

An erroneous belief prevails that the reduction of prices below the competitive level is a virtue of all trusts. It is believed that this is accomplished by the elimination of salesmen, of advertising, separate establishments, etc. That these savings are effected to the consumer, is true only of those trusts reasonably likely to face competition. Those whose control of the market is absolute charge "all that the traffic will bear." This expressive phrase means simply, that they raise their prices to the highest point consistent with large sales and huge profits. For what rival is strong enough to say them nay? This type of trust is the more commonly met with. It springs not from the good aspects of competition, but from those flagrantly evil.

John Stuart Mill in his classic work on political economy has explained the tendency of profits to a minimum. In any line of business, the existence of a more than normal rate of profit attracts a greater number of competitors. To protect their business, the large houses in that line of business combine in a pool to organize the industry and maintain prices. These manufacturers (or sellers) prefer an assured existence to the fighting chance of making enormous profits, subject to the risk of failure. The spur of competition thus dies out. The only remaining incentive is negative—seeks only to keep others from entering the field. After a time, either by treachery or outright purchase, a few men control the pool, whereupon it becomes, to all intents and purposes, a single company.

This process is not so simple as this would seem to indicate. The great majority of projected trusts have died stillborn. It has been said with good reason that, with the exception of the United States Steel Corporation, not one of the Morgan trusts has "panned out." Despite the resources of so gigantic a firm of promoters, their percentage of failures was high. But the significant thing to society is not that most schemes fail, but that some schemes mature.

The wide geographical distribution of most of these monopolies has enabled them so to utilize their strength as to crush competitors. It is a familiar tale, this, of the man with small resources, in whose neighborhood the trust reduced prices below the cost of production, thereby achieving his ruin and obtaining control of his market.

Concurrent with the trusts' destruction of small enterprise, is its de-unionization of its employees. It constantly attempts to establish a feudal relation with its workmen. This snapping of men's backbones by moral supervision is a striking feature of some of the "social" work of the United States Steel Company. A non-competitive organization has of necessity a different industrial psychology from a capitalistic society. Where the individual capitalist leaves men a sense of responsibility, the great organization regards them as groups and as nothing else.

Although middle class establishments have grown and flourished apace, nevertheless the monopolies have obtained an ever increasing share of business. It may be noticed here that more and more the middle class is holding shares in the monopoly capitalization. This may foreshadow the control of big corporations by live stockholders, who will not allow this corporate influence to grow so as to interfere with the middle class mode of making a living. But this is indeed a long way off.

That the trust is a corruptor of the state cannot be held against it any more than against any previous social arrangement. The ruling economic class has always attempted by hook or crook (chiefly crook) to dominate the process of law-making.

The widespread belief that monopoly is an economical arrangement of industry, is not susceptible of proof. Wherever we find competition eliminated it becomes difficult to determine whether anything is or is not economical. For the touchstone is missing.

It is evident that had these trusts no other bases than those previously described, they would eventually have been destroyed by a "war among the gods." Large aggregations of capital would have been pitted against one another in every field, for men do not so quickly renounce the passion for the sole receipt of profit. In this way competition would be restored. The game of monopoly would not then be worth the candle.

But those monopolies or trusts not founded on merit have a broad basis that enables them to withstand all attacks; even those of zealous attorneys-general. For, given the strength, the ingenuity of man can be trusted to go through the law as gracefully as a clown through the hoop.

The basis of these trusts is that of special privilege. By this is meant a grant by the government, either mediately or immediately, of certain privileges the enjoyment of which gives the beneficiary more than the normal rate of profit inherent in good service.

The most direct kind of monopoly has no existence in the United States. This type of privilege was conferred by Queen Elizabeth upon her favorites, giving them the sole right to deal in a certain commodity. This species of favoritism was repealed by Act of Parliament in 1601.

Our modern privileges are far more insidious. In place of brazenly asking the government to give them the exclusive control of goods, advantage is taken of laws, which, in effect, give them almost as drastic a power. Such a privilege is that of patents. By this law not only is the right of the inventor guaranteed—though in practice this is not often the case—a course that justice demands, but he is also given the power of withholding that scheme from competitive use. The vast fabric of electrical and machinery monopolies rests on the foundation of patents. The substitution of a royalty for use, instead of the outright ownership of an idea, would seem better to serve the interests of the community. "No property," says Professor Wundt, "is good property unless it subserve a moral end." Of course, the adjustment of so different a patent law would call for infinitely delicate skill on the part of the legislator. Rightly to estimate the claims of inventor and public, and nicely to safeguard the interests of both, calls for no mean ability. But it is an end well worth striving for.

The tariff is a privilege in only a limited sense.

Protectionists have long triumphantly asked how a protected industry could be considered privileged, since all were free to enter it and cut its profits to a minimum. This proposition would have some force, were it not for the monopoly of natural resources by those who are protected. Protection is a privilege, appended to a greater privilege, depending for its virulence as a monopoly breeder on the previously diseased state of the body politic. This conclusion is entirely apart from the question as to the wastefulness and stupidity of a protective policy.

There was intertwined with our system, a credit organization easily susceptible of being controlled by a few "big" men. The wanton use of this power was an effective means of throttling competitors. By destroying their credit possibilities, all serious fear of their growth was ended. That this privilege has seen its best days, may now be assumed because of the passage of the "currency bill."

All of these privileges were obtained by men already possessing great wealth. They can be defended from assaults only by moneyed men. We must therefore broaden our field of inquiry. What ultimate advantage is it that makes every other advantage subsidiary to and dependent upon it?

It is the monopoly of land. So long as the earth, from which comes all those products controlled by monopolies, is itself possessed by the monopoly, its power is safe. Mr. Schwab himself admitted that the steel monopoly depended not on machines and mills, for these can be duplicated, but upon the control of certain iron ore, coke, and coal lands, all of which can not be duplicated. That which is reproducible is of little avail as a basis for a trust, but that which is irreproducible, such as land or patented ideas, makes an ideal basis for a trust. For land is limited and its control easily gained by monopolists. Machines are capable of apparently infinite reproduction, and the ownership of a large number is not an assurance of safety.

While it is true that the Standard Oil Co. is a lessee of most of its oil wells, it dictates its own terms, for it has the exclusive control of pipe-line privileges. Of a vast number of monopolies it is true that the ownership of land, no matter how disguised, is the ultimate advantage on which they rest. It is not significant that the exclusive right to pipe all the oil through certain areas is a very different way of treating land from its division into town lots. Our modern complex civilization makes it necessary to treat land in different manners. But no matter how complex our civilization, it does not get away from its fundamental relationship: land and labor. And it is on this fundamental relationship that monopolies are wont to entrench themselves, for beyond this entrenchment none other is needed.

All monopolies, therefore, not a product of competitive merit, patents or direct government subsidies are, in some way or another, based on the monopoly of natural resources. Professor Skelton points out that no water-logged merger survives; it is only the company founded on a privilege, like natural resources. That the trust is an inevitable evolution in industry is thus only in a sense true. It is not true that it is the natural product of a competitive society. It is true that with the great increase in production owing to steam and electric industry, the gigantic profits in exploiting privileges became more and more clearly recognized by audacious and unscrupulous men. But I believe it to be equally true that when this exploitation conflicts, as it does, with the self-interest of the smaller unprivileged capitalists, the privilege will go! For the small business men, farmers and skilled mechanics outnumber by a handsome majority, at the polling place, the monopolists and purchasable riff-raff.

The line of attack on the trust should proceed, in the main, by the road of heavy taxation of their land values. Only when this is done will monopoly find it a disastrous policy to withhold natural opportunities from use. The full annual value of this

privilege should be taken. This done, the trust will break up, for it will have lost its advantage over a competitive rate of profit. Had the dog in the manger been made to pay for his manger, he would soon have competed with the ox for his hay. And this old fable points in beautiful simplicity to the rectification of a similar situation in our own time.

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Shall We Despair of Progress?

By Victor S. Yarros

A PROPOS of certain discussions by men of science and social reformers, several advanced periodicals have put and argued the question whether the present war in Europe "disproves progress." The answer is that, tragic and terrible as the titanic struggle is, it does not warrant blank despair, hopeless pessimism, disbelief in the continuity and certainty of human progress.

To some the question of progress is, after all, a question of fact. To cheer us up, one writer invites us to re-read the story of Cromwell in Ireland, the bloody record of Judge Jeffreys, the excesses of the French Terror, the cruelties and abuses that had begotten the great Revolution and other similar chapters of the painful history of human and national travail and development.

Certainly an appeal to history is in order in dealing with this grave question of the reality of progress. If we adopt one or more tests and criteria, and then institute comparisons between our own times—such as they are—with other, more or less distant times, the result cannot fail to furnish illumination and very definite conclusions.

What the proper tests are, is scarcely a debatable question. There is a virtual consensus of philosophical opinion as to the proposition that progress is to be measured, not by the multiplication of useful inventions, not by the accumulation of wealth, not even by scientific and intellectual achievements, but by the amount of freedom, opportunity and well-being enjoyed by the average man, the fairness with which wealth is distributed, the extent to which justice, beneficence and good will are embodied in laws and institutions. Progress, in other words, is nothing else than the humanization of man and of society. The abolition of slavery, the rise of democracy, the abolition of torture and of cruel and vindictive punishments, the reclamation of prisons and of their inmates, parole and probation systems, the abolition of child labor, the kindly and considerate treatment of insane persons, the adoption of old-age pension laws, the growth of co-operative industry, the institution of social insurance, the simplification of judicial procedure in the interest of the poor man—these, by common consent, are illustrations of genuine progress.

Inasmuch as political, social, economic and legal reform has been quite as marked a characteristic a feature of modern times as scientific and technical advance, it is not easy to see how the war can be said to disprove progress. The war may, indeed, retard progress in the future not because there is any danger of a serious, lasting reaction of social rebarbarization, but because of the staggering burdens of debt and taxation that the war will place on the backs of this and future generations, and because of the dislocation of industry and commerce that it is bound to produce. Social reform is the first thing finance ministers and cabinets are apt to drop or postpone when ugly deficits stare them in the face. But it is idle to suppose that the march of social and industrial reform can be permanently arrested. Democracy, popular education, the trade unions, the thousands of men's and women's civic bodies and clubs, the contemporary press—all these factors combine to render social stagnation and retrogression impossible.

We may be certain, therefore, that progress in the true sense of the term will continue. A little imagination, re-enforced by a little accurate knowledge of history, dissipates the fear of another long

period of darkness, brutality and indifference to human worth and human dignity.

However, those who have raised the question as to the reality or security of human progress are at bottom troubled by a different category of doubts and misgivings than that just discussed. They are vaguely concerned with what man *is*, rather than with what man *does*. "Yes," they will say, "all sorts of reform measures will continue to be enacted, and the poor, the disabled, the unfortunate, the defective will continue to be looked after by the thoughtful and earnest elements of society. If there be balm and solace in this reflection, we are entitled to them. But what the terrible and needless war causes us to challenge is, the assumption that your reforming statesman or citizen is a better man than was his remote ancestor of so-called dark, unprogressive ages. It is the soul of the modern man that has so sadly disappointed us. How does it happen that, in spite of all the progress you have claimed and predicted, modern man is capable of this wicked, monstrous war? What is all your progress worth if it cannot prevent such appalling, wanton destruction of life, health and wealth? If we are benevolent enough and humane enough to protect animals from cruelty, to prohibit child labor, to do away with capital punishment, to pension the aged and the disabled, why are we not humane enough to prevent war? And if we are not—as the carnage in Europe shows we are not—have we the right to call ourselves civilized and to prate of our progress?"

Now, it is the hardest thing in the world to see things as they really are, yet all right thinking, all wisdom, is based on the correct interpretation of facts. What does the war prove? It certainly proves that we have not succeeded in establishing efficient machinery for the peaceful adjustment of international controversies. It proves that we have not carried internationalism and the sentiment of "world-federation" far enough to curb and shackle arrogant, tricky or blundering statesmen and diplomats. But it certainly cannot be said that we have not *tried* to establish the requisite conciliation and arbitration machinery, to promote internationalism in a hundred ways—through science, ethics, letters, art, philosophy, credit, commerce—or to discourage and oppose foolish chauvinism. If we have realized that certain problems are not "arbitrable," and that mere treaty-making is dependence on broken reeds, we have also realized that there are other and far more trustworthy means of maintaining peace and preventing war. We have realized that the fundamental condition of international peace and amity is international justice and neighborliness, the relinquishing of selfish, untenable, offensive national claims, the willingness to let others live and grow, the acceptance of the open door principle, of equality of opportunity.

The world's attitude toward the present war is proof of the progress of the peace movement. The fact that everywhere men and women are thinking of more and better peace safeguards, of democratic control, is proof of progress. The developments in the Mexican situation are a proof of progress. Conquest and aggression are not popular in our day.

The war has shattered certain illusions, but it should not shake, and will not shake, our general faith in human progress. The nineteenth century witnessed many wars, but no one denies that on the whole it was a century of progress. The Boer war, the Italian war on Turkey—unprovoked though we all knew it was—and the Balkan wars did not destroy our belief in progress. Why should the present war have any such effect? It is safe to predict that ten years hence men of science, or of strong common sense, will recall with some surprise the circumstance that during the great European war certain thinkers and writers seriously questioned the reality of progress because of their profound, natural grief and disappointment, and their righteous wrath against those whom they regarded as the responsible authors of the calamity.

The Frog Who Traveled

By Wsewold Michailovitch Garshin

ONCE upon a time there lived in this world a frog. She used to sit in a swamp and catch mosquitoes and midges, and in the spring used to croak loudly in company with her friends. And but for an event which occurred she would have lived happily her whole life through—provided, of course, a stork had not eaten her.

One day she was sitting on a crooked branch which stuck out of the water, and was revelling in a warm, slight, drizzling rain.

"Ah me, what beautiful damp weather to-day!" she thought. "What a delight it is to live!"

The drizzle damped her striped, polished back, and the raindrops trickled down under her belly behind her paws, which was extraordinarily pleasant—so pleasant that she almost gave a croak. But luckily she remembered that it was already autumn, and that frogs don't croak in the autumn—the spring is the time for that—and had she croaked she might have lost her "frogly" dignity. So she kept quiet and continued to take her ease.

Suddenly a thin, intermittent, whistling noise resounded in the air.

There is a species of duck which, when it flies, makes a singing, or rather a whistling, sound with its wings as they cleave the air. "Phew, phew, phew, phew!" sounds through the air when a covey of such ducks fly high above us, although the birds themselves are invisible, so high do they fly. On this occasion the ducks, having described an enormous semicircle, swooped down and settled in the very same swamp in which the frog lived.

"Quack, quack!" said one of them. "We have still a long way to fly; we must have something to eat."

And the frog instantly hid herself, and, although she knew that the ducks would not eat her—a big and fat frog—she all the same dived under the log in case of accidents. However, having thought it over, she decided to stick her head with its protruding eyes out of the water. She was very curious to know to where the ducks were flying.

"Quack, quack!" said another duck. "It is already quite cold. Let us get away as quickly as possible to the South."

And all the ducks began to quack loudly in token of their approval.

"Mesdames ducks," said the frog, plucking up her courage, "what is the 'South' to which you are flying? Please excuse me for disturbing you."

The ducks crowded round the frog. At first they evinced a decided inclination to eat her, but each on reflection came to the conclusion that she was too big to be swallowed. And then they all began to quack and flap their wings.

"It is very nice in the South! It is warm there now! And what lovely warm swamps there are there! What worms! It is nice in the South!"

They quacked to such a degree that they nearly deafened the frog. She could scarcely prevail on them to be quiet, and begged one of them, who seemed to her the fattest and most intelligent of them all, to explain to her what was the "South." And when the duck told her all about the South, the frog went into ecstasies, but, nevertheless, at the end of the description, because she was a cautious frog, she asked him:

"And are there midges and mosquitoes there?"

"Oh, I should just say so—clouds of them!" replied the duck.

"Croak!" said the frog, and immediately turned round to see if there was any friend near who could have heard her and scolded her for croaking in the autumn. She really could not restrain herself from giving at least one little croak. "Take me with you!"

"You astonish me!" exclaimed the duck. "How can we take you? You have no wings!"

"When do you fly?" asked the frog.

"Soon, soon!" cried out all the ducks. "Quack, quack, quack! Here it is cold! To the South! To the South!"

"Allow me to think only five minutes," said the frog. "I will come back directly. I am sure to think of something good."

And she flopped from the branch, on to which she had again clambered, into the water, dived into the mud, and absolutely buried herself in it, so that no extraneous matter should distract her thoughts. Five minutes passed, and the ducks had all collected to fly, when suddenly from out of the water near the branch on which the frog had sat her mouth appeared, and it wore an expression of delight such as only a frog's mouth can assume.

"I have thought it out; I have found a way!" she said. "Let two of you, one at each end, take a twig in your beaks, and I will hang on to it in the middle. You will fly and I will travel. Only, whatever happens, you must not quack nor I croak—and then all will be superb."

Now, although, goodness knows, it is by no means a joke to carry a frog three thousand versts, keeping silent all the time, still the ingenuity of her plan sent the ducks into such a delirium of delight that they unanimously resolved to take the frog with them. They agreed to relieve each other every two hours, and as there were as many and many ducks as could be, and only one frog, no duck's turn to carry the frog would come very often. They found a good strong twig, two ducks took it in their beaks, the frog caught hold in the middle with her mouth, and the whole covey rose into the air. The terrific height to which they flew up took the frog's breath away. Besides which, the ducks did not fly evenly, and kept giving the twig jerks. The poor frog swung in the air like a paper "tumbling tommy," and hung on by her jaw with all her might, so as not to be thrown off and flop to the ground. However, she soon became accustomed to her surroundings, and even began to look around her. Beneath her, fields, meadows, rivers and mountains passed by in rapid succession, but it was very difficult for her to take stock of them, because, hanging as she was from the twig, she could only see backwards and towards the sky; nevertheless, she managed to see something, and was very pleased and proud with herself.

"What a splendid idea it was of mine!" she thought to herself.

And as the rest of the ducks flew along behind the first pair which carried her, they cried out to her and praised her.

"Our frog has an astonishingly clever head," they said. "It would be difficult to find anything like it, even amongst us ducks."

The frog could scarcely restrain herself from thanking them, but, remembering that if she opened her mouth she would fall from a terrific height, she closed her jaws still tighter, and decided to resist the temptation. She swung in this manner for a whole day. The ducks who were carrying her relieved each other on the wing, cleverly catching hold of the twig. This was most terrifying. Several times the frog almost croaked from fright, but it was necessary to have plenty of presence of mind, which she possessed. In the evening the whole company halted in a swamp. At dawn the ducks with the frog continued their journey, but this time their passenger, in order to see the better what was happening, fastened on with her back and head to the front. The ducks flew over mown fields, woods turning yellow, and over villages full of corn-stacks. They could hear the people talking, and the noise of the machines with which they were threshing the rye. The villagers looked at the ducks, and, noticing something strange in their midst, pointed to it. And the frog longed to fly lower down, so as to show herself and to hear what they were saying about her. At the next halt she said:

"Is it possible for us to fly not quite so high? It

makes my head swim, and I am afraid of falling if I should suddenly feel bad."

The kind ducks promised her to fly lower, and the following day they travelled so low that they could hear what was said.

"Look, look!" cried the children in one of the villages; "the ducks are carrying a frog!"

The frog heard this, and her heart jumped.

"Look, look!" cried "grown-ups" in another village. "That's an extraordinary thing!"

"Do they know that it was I who thought of this, and not the ducks?" the frog wondered to herself.

"Look, look!" they cried in a third village. "What a wonder! And who thought of such a clever dodge?"

Thereupon the frog could stand it no longer, and throwing caution to the winds, cried out at the top of her voice:

"It was I—I!"

And with this cry she went tumbling over and over to the ground. The ducks quacked loudly, and one of them tried to catch hold of their unfortunate fellow-traveller as she was falling, but missed her. The frog, frantically waving all four paws, quickly fell to the ground, but as the ducks were flying very fast, she did not fall just at the spot above which she had cried out, and where there was a hard road, but much farther on, which was extremely lucky for her, because she flopped into a muddy pond on the edge of the village.

She quickly appeared from out of the water, and with all her might began to cry out:

"It was I—it was I who thought of it!"

But there was no one near her. The local frogs, frightened by the unexpected splash, had all disappeared under water. When they began to reappear they gazed at the new arrival with astonishment.

And she related to them a wonderful story of how she had thought all her life about the matter, and had at last invented a new, unusual method of travelling by ducks. How she had her own special ducks which carried her where she wanted to go. How she had been in the beautiful South, where it was so nice, where there are such lovely warm swamps, and such quantities of midges, and every other kind of edible insects.

"I have come here to see how you live," she said. "I shall stay with you until the spring, until my ducks, which I have let go, return."

But the ducks never returned. They thought that the frog had been smashed to pieces by her fall, and were very sorry for her.

From "The Signal and Other Stories" (Alfred A. Knopf, New York.)

♦♦♦♦

Hamlet and Don Quixote

By Ivan Turgeneff

THE first edition of Shakespeare's tragedy, "Hamlet," and the first part of Cervantes' "Don Quixote" appeared in the same year at the very beginning of the seventeenth century.

This coincidence seems to me significant. . . . It seems to me that in these two types are embodied two opposite fundamental peculiarities of man's nature—the two ends of the axis about which it turns. I think that all people belong, more or less, to one of these two types; that nearly every one of us resembles either *Don Quixote* or *Hamlet*. In our day, it is true, the *Hamlets* have become far more numerous than the *Don Quixotes*, but the *Don Quixotes* have not become extinct.

Let me explain.

All people live—consciously or unconsciously—on the strength of their principles, their ideals; that is, by virtue of what they regard as truth, beauty and goodness. Many get their ideal all ready-made, in definite, historically-developed forms. They live trying to square their lives with this ideal, deviating from it at times, under the in-

fluence of passions or incidents, but neither reasoning about it nor questioning it. Others, on the contrary, subject it to the analysis of their own reason. Be this as it may, I think I shall not err too much in saying that for all people this ideal—this basis and aim of their existence—is to be found either outside of them or within them; in other words, for every one of us it is either his own I that forms the primary consideration or something else which he considers superior. I may be told that reality does not permit of such sharp demarcations; that in the very same living being both considerations may alternate, even becoming fused to a certain extent. But I do not mean to affirm the impossibility of change and contradiction in human nature; I wish merely to point out two different attitudes of man to his ideal. And now I will endeavor to show in what way, to my mind, these two different relations are embodied in the two types I have selected.

Let us begin with *Don Quixote*. What does *Don Quixote* represent?

Faith, in the first place; faith in something eternal, immutable; faith in the truth, in short, existing outside of the individual, which cannot easily be attained by him, but which is attainable only by constant devotion and the power of self-abnegation. *Don Quixote* is entirely consumed with devotion to his ideal, for the sake of which he is ready to suffer every possible privation and to sacrifice his life; his life itself he values only in so far as it can become a means for the incarnation of the ideal, for the establishment of truth and justice on earth. I may be told that this ideal is borrowed by his disordered imagination from the fanciful world of knightly romance. Granted—and this makes up the comical side of *Don Quixote*; but the ideal itself remains in all its immaculate purity. To live for one's self, to care for one's self, *Don Quixote* would consider shameful. He lives—if I may so express myself—outside of himself, entirely for others, for his brethren, in order to abolish evil, to counteract the forces hostile to mankind—wizards, giants, in a word, the oppressors. There is no trace of egotism in him; he is not concerned with himself, he is wholly a self-sacrifice—appreciate this word; he believes, believes firmly, and without circumspection. Therefore is he fearless, patient, content with the humblest fare, with the poorest clothes—what cares he for such things! Timid of heart, he is in spirit great and brave; his touching piety does not restrict his freedom; a stranger to variety, he doubts not himself, his vocation, or even his physical prowess; his will is indomitable. The constant aiming after the same end imparts a certain monotonousness to his thoughts and oneness to his mind. He knows little, but need not know much; he knows what he is about, why he exists on earth,—and this is the chief sort of knowledge. *Don Quixote* may seem to be either a perfect madman, since the most indubitable materialism vanishes before his eyes, melts like tallow before the fire of his enthusiasm (he really does see living Moors in the wooden puppets, and knights in the sheep); or shallow-minded, because he is unable lightly to sympathize or lightly to enjoy; but, like an ancient tree, he sends his roots deep into the soil, and can neither change his convictions nor pass from one subject to another. The stronghold of his moral constitution (note that this demented, wandering knight is everywhere and on all occasions the moral being) lends especial weight and dignity to all his judgments and speeches, to his whole figure, despite the ludicrous and humiliating situations into which he endlessly falls. *Don Quixote* is an enthusiast, a servant of an idea, and therefore is illuminated by its radiance.

Now what does *Hamlet* represent?

Analysis, first of all, and egotism, and therefore incredulity. He lives entirely for himself; he is an egotist. But even an egotist cannot believe in himself. We can only believe in that which is outside of and above ourselves. But this I, in which

he does not believe, is dear to *Hamlet*. This is the point of departure, to which he constantly returns, because he finds nothing in the whole universe to which he can cling with all his heart. He is a skeptic, and always ponders about himself; he is ever busy, not with his duty, but with his condition. Doubting everything, *Hamlet*, of course, spares not himself; his mind is too much developed to be satisfied with what he finds within himself. He is conscious of his weakness; but even this self-consciousness is power: from it comes his irony, in contrast with the enthusiasm of *Don Quixote*. *Hamlet* delights in excessive self-depreciation. Constantly concerned with himself, always a creature of introspection, he knows minutely all his faults, scorns himself, and at the same time lives, so to speak, nourished by his scorn. He has no faith in himself, yet he is vainglorious; he knows not what he wants nor why he lives, yet is attached to life.

I will not be too severe with *Hamlet*. He suffers, and his sufferings are more painful and galling than those of *Don Quixote*. The latter is pummeled by rough shepherds and convicts whom he has liberated; *Hamlet* inflicts his own wounds—teases himself. In his hands, too, is a lance—the two-edged lance of self-analysis.

Hamlet is the son of a king, murdered by his own brother, the usurper of the throne; his father comes forth from the grave—from "the jaws of Hades"—to charge *Hamlet* to avenge him; but the latter hesitates, keeps on quibbling with himself, finds consolation in self-depreciation, and finally kills his stepfather by chance. A deep psychological feature, for which many wise but short-sighted persons have ventured to censure Shakespeare! And *Don Quixote*, a poor man, almost destitute, without means or connections, old and lonely, undertakes the task of destroying evil and protecting the oppressed (total strangers to him) all over the world.

Hamlet embodies the doctrine of negation, that same doctrine which another great poet has divested of everything human and presented in the form of *Mephistopheles*. *Hamlet* is the self-same *Mephistopheles*, but a *Mephistopheles* embraced by the living circle of human nature: hence his negation is not an evil, but is itself directed against evil. *Hamlet* casts doubt upon goodness, but does not question the existence of evil; in fact, he wages relentless war upon it. He entertains suspicions concerning the genuineness and sincerity of good; yet his attacks are made not upon goodness, but upon a counterfeit goodness, beneath whose mask are secreted evil and falsehood, its immemorial enemies. He does not laugh the diabolic, impersonal laughter of *Mephistopheles*; in his bitterest smile there is pathos, which tells of his sufferings and therefore reconciles us to him. *Hamlet's* skepticism, moreover, is not indifferentism, and in this consists his significance and merit. In his makeup good and evil, truth and falsehood, beauty and ugliness, are not blurred into an accidental, dumb and vague something or other. The skepticism of *Hamlet*, which leads him to distrust things contemporaneous,—the realization of truth, so to speak,—is irreconcilably at war with falsehood, and through this very quality he becomes one of the foremost champions of a truth in which he himself cannot fully believe. But in negation, as in fire, there is a destructive force, and how can we keep it within bounds or show exactly where it is to stop, when that which it must destroy and that which it should spare are frequently blended and bound up together inseparably? This is where the oft-observed tragedy of human life comes into evidence: doing presupposes thinking, but thought and the will have separated, and are separating daily more and more. "And thus the native hue of resolution is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought," Shakespeare tells us in the words of *Hamlet*.

And so, on the one side stand the *Hamlets*—reflective, conscientious, often all-comprehensive, but as often also useless and doomed to immobility;

and on the other the half-crazy *Don Quixotes*, who help and influence mankind only to the extent that they see but a single point—often non-existent in the form they see it.

A certain English lord—a good judge in the matter—once spoke in my hearing of *Don Quixote* as a model of a real gentleman. Surely, if simplicity and a quiet demeanor are the distinguishing marks of what we call a thorough gentleman, *Don Quixote* has a good claim to his title. He is a veritable *hidalgo*,—a *hidalgo* even when the jeering servants of the prince are lathering his whole face. The simplicity of his manners proceeds from the absence of what I would venture to call his self-love, and not his self-conceit. *Don Quixote* is not busied with himself, and, respecting himself and others, does not think of showing off. But *Hamlet*, with all his exquisite setting, is, it seems to me,—excuse the French expression—*ayant des airs de parvenu*; he is troublesome—at times even rude,—and he poses and scoffs. To make up for this he was given the power of original and apt expression, a power inherent in every being in whom is implanted the habit of reflection and self-development—and therefore utterly unattainable so far as *Don Quixote* is concerned. The depth and keenness of analysis in *Hamlet*, his many-sided education (we must not forget that he studied at the Wittenberg University), have developed in him a taste almost unerring. He is an excellent critic; his advice to the actors is strikingly true and judicious. The sense of the beautiful is as strong in him as the sense of duty in *Don Quixote*.

Don Quixote deeply respects all existing orders—religious, monarchs, and dukes—and is at the same time free himself and recognizes the freedom of others. *Hamlet* rebukes kings and courtiers, but is in reality oppressive and intolerant.

Don Quixote is hardly literate; *Hamlet* probably kept a diary. *Don Quixote*, with all his ignorance, has a definite way of thinking about matters of government and administration; *Hamlet* has neither time nor need to think of such matters.

Hamlet is occasionally double-faced and heartless. On the other hand, we must note in the honest, veracious *Don Quixote* the disposition to a half-conscious, half-innocent deception, to self-delusion—a disposition almost always present in the fancy of an enthusiast. *Hamlet*, on the slightest ill-success, loses heart and complains; but *Don Quixote*, pummelled senseless by galley slaves, has not the least doubt as to the success of his undertaking.

The *Don Quixotes* discover; the *Hamlets* develop. But how, I shall be asked, can the *Hamlets* evolve anything when they doubt all things and believe nothing? My rejoinder is that, by a wise dispensation of Nature, there are neither thorough *Hamlets* nor complete *Don Quixotes*; these are but extreme manifestations of two tendencies—guide-posts set up by the poets on two different roads. Life tends toward them, but never reaches the goal. We must not forget that, just as the principle of analysis is carried in *Hamlet* to tragedy, so the element of enthusiasm runs in *Don Quixote* to comedy; but in life, the purely comic and purely tragic are seldom encountered.

Both *Hamlet* and *Don Quixote* die a touching death; and yet how different are their ends! *Hamlet's* last words are sublime. He resigns himself, grows calm, bids *Horatio* live, and raises his dying voice in behalf of young *Fortinbras*, the unstained representative of the right of succession. *Hamlet's* eyes are not turned forward. "The rest is silence," says the dying skeptic, as he actually becomes silent forever. The death of *Don Quixote* sends an inexpressible emotion through one's heart. In that instant the full significance of this personality is accessible to all. When his former page, trying to comfort *Don Quixote*, tells him that they shall soon again start out on an expedition of knight-errantry, the expiring knight replies: "No, all is now over forever, and I ask everyone's forgiveness; I am no longer *Don Quixote*, I am again

Alonso the good, as I was once called—*Alonso el Bueno*."

This word is remarkable. The mention of this nickname for the first and last time makes the reader tremble. Yes, only this single word still has a meaning, in the face of death. All things shall pass away, everything shall vanish—the highest station, power, the all-inclusive genius,—all to dust shall crumble. "All earthly greatness vanishes like smoke." But noble deeds are more enduring than resplendent beauty. "Everything shall pass," the apostle said, "love alone shall endure."

♦♦♦♦

Free

By Amelia Josephine Burr

WHY did I do it? God! Why did I do it? Lying awake here in a cheap hotel And she beside me, sleeping, wearied out With pitiful brave efforts to be gay—I know how brave they are, I tell myself How brave they are, and yet they leave me cold. Her face is lax and faded as she sleeps, All prettiness and youth gone out of it. Although I cannot see it in the dark I know, for I have seen it many times— So many times. . . .

How long ago it seems— She was a dream of infinite desire, The symbol of the freedom I had lost. Lost? Worse than lost. I had been cheated of it, Cheated by smug Respectability, And Law and Custom and the other gods Whose sacrifices are the lives of men. That was, I think, what maddened me the most. My wife, my children, my position—all That made men call me fortunate—my God! When I have seen the freight-trains clanking by, A ragged tramp holding his perilous place Upon the truck, how often I have thought, "To be free like him! Oh, to be free like him! To slam the ledger, never again to see Columns of figures blur before my eyes, But changing fields and the varying haunts of men; To know the summits and the depths of life, To burn myself at the red flame of life, To drink myself to death with life, maybe, But to be free and live!" And thoughts like these Hot in my brain, I would go home and hear The thin monotonous gossip of the day, The endless petty round of household wants Until at last I lay awake in bed Hearing my heavy heart beat on and on— As now I hear it . . . and beside me lay My wife asleep—as *she* is sleeping now . . . And just because I knew that was her place I shrank away, out to the very edge, Lest I should touch her—just as I do now.

Is this poor threadbare plaything the same girl Who came to me when I was almost mad, And shone upon me like the strip of sky Between a prisoner's bars? So free she was, So virginal of body and of mind, Light foot, light heart, a creature to awake The hunter in a man. I hunted her, And, with her, youth's elusive miracle—I hunted her, and, with her, glad romance And passion like a torch. I hunted her, Glad of her flight, her tremulous backward look, Glad of her sweet shy trouble at my touch. I would have spent the Indies' gold on her, And all the gems of the Arabian Nights. I grudged the money that my household cost, Grew angry over little needless things And made my children angry; and my wife Never resented anything I said, Only grew gentler and more wearisome With little futile efforts to make peace Between the angry children and myself, With pitiful brave efforts to be gay. . . . But then I did not see that they were brave— Only how deadily tired I was of her

And of the life of which she was a part.

I hardly can recall how it began, Taking a little here, a little there, Of all the money that went through my hands— But I remember well the day I knew It could not be a secret any more. What should I do? Confess and beg for mercy, Plead my long service and my stainless past, Pray them to let me keep my place—and so Commit myself forever to the life That I had grown to hate? Forever lose My one chance to be free? Body and soul Sickened . . . I went to her—I told her all That I had done, said it was done for her, And now there could be only death for me Unless she held the door of freedom wide For us together.

With a little sob She gave her lips to me. . . . We went away. How little it was like my eager dreams! She only was a woman, after all. . . .

Ah, what a little sordid hell it is! Not reckless glad adventure, not romance, Not even passion. . . . Only furtive shifts, Dodging up streets to avoid a man I knew When I could look the whole world in the face . . . Chained like a slave to poverty and her (Why did I take so little in my haste?) Her reddened eyes, her faded wistful face. . . . Afraid of her, afraid of other men, Most bitterly afraid of my own self— Would prison be more horrible than this, Lying awake here in a cheap hotel? Why did I do it? God! Why did I do it?

From *The Forum* for April.

♦♦♦♦

James Huneker

By H. L. Mencken

EDGAR ALLAN POE, I am fond of believing, earned as a critic a good deal of the excess of praise he gets as a romancer and a poet, and another overestimated American dithyrambist, Sidney Lanier, wrote the best text-book on prosody in English; but in general the critical writing done in the United States has been of a low order, and most American writers of any distinction, like most American painters and musicians, have had to wait for understanding until it appeared abroad. The case of Emerson is typical; he was not discovered by his own countrymen until Landor and Carlyle had turned their lights upon him. Mark Twain, though in a different way, suffered from the same lack of critical alertness at home. He was quickly recognized, true enough, but his actual stature was not even faintly appreciated, and even after "Huckleberry Finn" he was still classed with such feeble farceurs as Petroleum V. Nasby and Artemus Ward. It remained for Sir Walter Besant to discern his real rank, his kinship with Cervantes and Molière. As for Theodore Dreiser, his adventures are almost too familiar to need rehearsal. After the suppression of "Sister Carrie" he sank into complete obscurity, and it remained for the English to discover him. Even to-day, with three novels of the first rank behind him, he must still look across the water for anything approaching a sympathetic comprehension of his aims and achievements. With few exceptions, the critics of his own country are suspicious of him, and most of those who profess to be guardians of the national tradition are downright hostile. It is quite unusual for him to be discussed seriously as a literary artist; he is nearly always considered and condemned as a moralist.

The cause of this profound and almost unbroken lack of critical insight, this puerile Philistinism and distrust of ideas, is to be found, it seems to me, in the fact that the typical American critic is quite without any adequate cultural equipment for the

office he presumes to fill. There is no period of painful preparation behind him; he knows very little about the fundamentals of literary aesthetics; he is, in particular, astonishingly ignorant of foreign literatures and of foreign criticism. His position, to seek a parallel, may be likened to that of a man who ventured to discuss a new symphony without knowing the structure of the sonata form, or ever having heard the symphonies of Mozart, Beethoven and Brahms. He has no background of moving and illuminating experience; his soul has not sufficiently adventured among masterpieces. All this has been true from the very start, and it is still true to-day. Emerson himself, though a man of sharp discernment, was nevertheless a *dilettante* in both aesthetics and philosophy, and the incompleteness of his knowledge never showed itself more plainly than in his criticism of literature. Lowell, if anything, was even worse; his aesthetic theory, to the end, remained vague and superficial, and all that remains of his pleasant essays to-day is their pleasantness. As for Poe, though he was a more conscientious critic than either of these, and had a sort of intuition in him, to boot, he was enormously ignorant of good books, and moreover, could never quite throw off a congenital vulgarity of taste, the which is visible enough in the high school strutting of his style. His occasional affectation of scholarship was Yankee bluster; he constantly referred to books he had never read. Besides, the typical American critic of that era was not Poe, but his arch-enemy, Rufus Wilmot Griswold, that almost fabulous ass—a Baptist preacher turned taster of beautiful letters. Imagine a Baptist valuing Balzac, or Molière—or Rabelais!

Coming down to our own time, one finds the same endless amateurishness, so characteristic of everything American—the same astounding lack of training and vocation. Consider the solemn ponderosities of the pious old maids, male and female, who write book reviews for the *New York Times*, the *Chicago Tribune*, almost any other paper that comes to mind. The normal American book reviewer, indeed, is virginal and afraid of bugaboos, and her customary attitude of mind is one of fascinated horror. (The Hamilton Wright Mabie complex!) William Dean Howells, despite a certain jauntiness, and even kittenishness, of manner, is spiritually of that company. He is always easily intrigued by a feeble, *Ladies' Home Journal* sort of piquancy; it was this that made him see a genius in the Philadelphia Zola, W. B. Trites. Moreover, the paleozoic Howells runs true to type in another way, for he long reigned as the leading American authority on the Russian novelists without knowing, so far as I can make out, more than ten words of Russian. In the same way we have had enthusiasts for D'Annunzio and Matilde Serao, who knew no Italian, and Ibsen authorities without a single word of Dano-Norwegian—I met one once who failed to recognize "Et Dukkehjem" as the original title of "A Doll's House"—and decriers of Hauptmann who could no more read "Die Weber" than they could decipher a tablet of Tiglath-Pileser III. Here and there a genuine critic rears his head: Ludwig Lewisohn, Otto Heller, André Tridon, the late Percival Pollard. Well informed, sagacious, discreet, competent men—but not one of them, alas, an American, not one of them with a wide audience, not one of them of any influence whatever upon American standards, American ideals, American letters. . . . How many remain? A few Victorians, sonorous pundits, critics of *The Nation* school, sophomores grown up—W. C. Brownell, Paul Elmer Moore, *et al.* Here, undoubtedly, we have learning, but it is the sterile learning one finds in fresh-water college professors. Read More on Nietzsche if you want to find out just how hollow and stupid criticism can be, and yet show the outward forms of intelligibility, and even of sapience. And search Brownell, if you have the patience, for any understanding of the literature that is in process of being—for any mention, even,

of such men as Dreiser, Norris and Mark Twain. Meredith and Henry James, yes. But not Hardy, or George Moore, or Synge, or Dunsany; not even Joseph Conrad.

Now for the exception. He is, of course, James Gibbons Huneker, the solitary Iokanaan in this vast aesthetic wilderness, the only critic among us whose vision sweeps the whole field of beauty, and whose reports of what he sees there show any gusto. This gusto of his, I fancy, is two-thirds of his story. It is unquenchable, contagious, inflammatory; he is the only performer in the whole troupe who knows how to arouse his audience to anything approaching enthusiasm. The rest, even including Howells, are pedants lecturing, but Huneker, like Pollard, makes a joyous story of it; his exposition, transcending the merely expository, takes on the quality of an adventure freely shared. Need anything else be said in praise of a critic? And does an extravagance or an error here and there lie validly against the saying of it? I could be a professor if I would and show you slips enough—certain ponderous nonsense about the symbolism of "Little Eyolf," a too easy bemusement at the hands of Shaw, a habit of yielding to the hocus-pocus of the mysticists, particularly Maeterlinck. But the list would not be long, and few of its items would be important. Set against it the roster of Huneker's positive services; his eager discovery and announcement of what was authentically new and important in the arts across the water; his introduction of great name after great name—take a look at this unrivaled achievement of his, and you will straightway forget his incidental blunders. He was the first American to write about Ibsen with any understanding, and perhaps the first to hail him at all; he was the first to see the rising star of Nietzsche; he was the introducer among us of Hauptmann, Maeterlinck and Shaw; his estimate of Sudermann, bearing date of 1905, may stand without the change of a word to-day; he did the pioneering for Strindberg, Hervieu, Stirner and Gorki, and later on helped in the pioneering for Conrad; he gave a lusty reality, in this country, after other men had failed, to the revolt against Victorian pedantry, formalism and sentimentalism. It would be quite impossible, indeed, to overestimate the practical value of his intellectual alertness, his hospitality to new ideas, his artistic courage, his powers of persuasion. If the United States to-day is in any sort of contact, however remote, with what is aesthetically going on in the more civilized countries, there is no man who can claim a larger share of credit for laying the wires.

No better volume of criticism than "Iconoclasts: a Book of Dramatists," has ever appeared in America, save it be "Egoists: a Book of Supermen." Here, indeed, we have criticism in its final flower, for it is not only sound and illuminating, but also a work of art. In France such writing is common enough, and in Germany it has been done on a big scale by such men as Alfred Kerr and Hermann Bahr (not to mention Schumann and Wagner), but in English, if you would find a match for its eloquence and enthusiasm, you must go back to Hazlitt. As for me, I like it for its very defects—for example, its enormous allusiveness, its staggering piling up of knowledge, its endless borrowings from strange and fantastic authorities. This allusiveness is not to be confused with the pedantry of the academic soothsayers, nor with the hollow ostentation of Poe. Huneker actually knows what he is talking about; his authorities, on examination, turn out to be real; his dizzy mixing up of the seven arts is no more than a proof of his ease in all of them. If you doubt it, turn to his "Chopin: the Man and His Music," and his book on Liszt—two volumes of the most meticulous learning, particularly the former. Once, at a recital in London, Vladimir de Pachmann sighted Huneker in the front row. After a bout with the études he got up from the piano, leveled a claw at the American, and said: "There is a man who knows more about Chopin than I do." Rafael Joseffy thought so too.

He sought Huneker's help in editing his elaborate edition of Chopin, the first volume of which appeared a few weeks after his death. That Chopin book, in truth, is almost a match for Sir George Grove's celebrated tome on the Beethoven Symphonies, which has left behind it scarcely enough tares to feed a Philip Hale. When Grove finished there was nothing remaining—save, perhaps, to play the symphonies. When Huneker let Chopin go, even the waltzes had programs, and some of them had two or three.

But the Hunekeran manner, after all, is more charming than the matter, and my own favorites are the books of the later years, in which Huneker himself gradually takes the stage. For example, "Old Fog," that incomparable piece of fooling, with its sharp appraisement of Beethoven, its characteristic vacillating over Liszt—"a venerable man with a purple nose: a Cyrano de Cognac nose"—its iconoclastic spoofs at Wagner, its savage butchery of Tchaikowsky, whose "Manfred" symphony is "a libel on Byron, who was a libel on God." And next after "Old Fog" I like "New Cosmopolis" and "The Pathos of Distance," two sad, sad songs, but sweet! They are in the key of B minor, *con malinconia*. One hears (so to speak) the pricks of conscience. Huneker is sorry that he left Prague so soon in 1891, and drank so little Pilsner. An occasional *scherzo* does little to lift the gloom. Like the immortal *scherzo* of the C minor symphony, it turns off almost at once into mourning. From deep down in the orchestra come the zug-zugging of lugubrious bull-fiddles, the complaining of horns, the sobbing of Loreleis, Valkyries, *Giroflés-Giroflas*, *Elsas, Isoldes, Biermüdel*. It is the play of "Hamlet" in lascivious prose, with the author himself as the Dane. *Hedda Gabler* would have loved it.

Huneker calls himself an Irishman, and says that he was named after an ancestor who suffered for Ireland. But as for me, I suspect German blood. Who but a German sheds tears over the empty bottles of day before yesterday, the Adelaide Neilson of 1887? Who but a German cultivates sober whiskers at 45, and goes into woolen undershirts, and makes his will, and begins to call his wife "Mamma?" The green sickness of youth is endemic from pole to pole, as much so as measles; but what race save the German is floored by a blue distemper in middle age, with sentimental burlings *a cappella*, hallucinations of lost loves, and an unquenchable lacrymorrhea? Myself of the accursed stock, I have lent a tragic grunt to the chorus more than once, mingling tears with Franziskanerbräu, or perhaps Kulmbacher. I am not 45 by service, of course, but merely by brevet—by a diameter, as it were: the German way of measuring all things, from radishes to soprani. And it must be by some similar corruption of blood that Huneker has reached 80 a quarter of a century ahead of time, to the sound of his own lament:

*Schön ist die Jugendzeit;
Sie kommt nicht mehr!*

It is, of course, a sort of post-graduate school that Huneker conducts. He is not for downright sucklings; he assumes that every pupil has passed the regular classes, and is safely doomed to hell. But if this is a bit dashing to the many, it is flattering to the few—and it is through the few that the Hunekeran influence has gone out to the less few, and so on down to the edges of the many. His books, as books go, have not sold largely. He has won disciples, but he has not grown rich. His job in the world, none the less, has been done well, and he will fasten tight a lot of strings before he finishes. . . . His war, in his own words, has been upon "the traps that snare the attention from poor or mediocre workmanship—the traps of sentimentalism, of false feeling, of cheap pathos, of the cheap moral." It has been a war well fought, and it has been a war worth fighting.

From The Baltimore Sun.

Letters From the People

The Literacy Test

White Plains, N. Y.,
April 18, 1916.

Editor of Reedy's Mirror:

If this Congress does not prove the idiocy of representative government, what in hell does it prove? How it is possible to select such a bunch of imbeciles is past my comprehension. It is impossible to hire a servant girl or a laborer of any kind in the East; there are a million or a million-and-a-half of men and women of the laboring class who will head for Europe as soon as the war is over, and a Democratic Congress, at the behest of the grafting labor unions, embraces this opportunity to pass a literacy bill. The only persons who will consent to do real work are those who cannot read or write. Such persons have the striking advantage that they do not have to read the modern newspapers or try to find something entertaining in the modern magazines. I have changed my mind entirely on this subject. Under existing institutions I now believe that ignorance should be made compulsory. The moment a workman learns to read or write he wishes to live by exploiting others. He therefore butts in on my game, and I have to protect myself against him.

SCRIBBLER.

Where Shakespeare Fell Down

St. Louis, April 22, 1916.

Editor of Reedy's Mirror:

I have just read your article upon the universality of Shakespeare. What are you giving us? How does it happen that this universal genius, writing in the English language and dealing largely with English history, has never drawn for us in his plays the portrait of an Irishman? How could so great a man be guilty of so great a lapse?

O'DONNELL ABOO.

[Our Hibernian friend has a lapse of memory. He will find an Irishman—the only one in Shakespeare—in Scene II of Act III of Henry V—*Captain MacMorris*. The captain's brogue is not very good, as he talks with *Fluellen* and *Gower* and *Jamy* about the mines before Harfleur. *Gower* says: "The duke of Gloster, to whom the order of the siege is given, is altogether directed by an Irishman; a very valiant gentleman i' faith." *Fluellen* thinks not well of his knowledge of "the Roman discipline," and would argue with the *Captain*, but *MacMorris* has no patience for talk; he is all for fighting: "So God sa' me 'tis a shame to stand still * * * there is throats to be cut and works to be done; and there is nothing done, so Chrish sa' me, la!" Indeed *Captain MacMorris* is for cutting off *Fluellen's* head for aspersions on his nation. It cannot be said that the only Irishman in Shakespeare is a noble example of the race, but there he is, for what he is—a very minor character in the play that contains among other beauties, the incomparable pathos of *Dame Quickly's* description of the death of *Falstaff*.—
Editor of the MIRROR.]

An End-of-the-Month Clearance Sale Marks the Conclusion of Our Great 66th Anniversary Sale

Friday and Saturday will be days of extraordinary value-giving, as we shall offer many Remnants, Odd Lots, Broken Sizes and Incomplete Lines of thoroughly desirable Spring merchandise at the lowest prices of the season.

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St. Peter and the Babies

St. Louis, April 21, 1916.

Editor of Reedy's Mirror:

A correspondent in your department of Letters from the People makes inquiry concerning two poems. One of them I have found in my scrap book. I have copied the article and send it herewith.

GABRIEL.

FUN AMONG THE POETS.

Some years ago, says the *Inland Printer*, David Barker, a distinguished poet in the state of Maine, after the birth of his first child, wrote and published the following pretty poem:

One night, as old St. Peter slept,
He left the door of heaven ajar;
When through a little angel crept,
And came down with a falling star.

One summer, as the blessed beams
Of morn approached my blushing
Awakened from some pleasing dreams,
And found that angel by her side.

God grant but this—I ask no more—
That when he leaves this world of
He'll wing his way to that bright
And find the road to heaven again.



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John G. Saxe, not to be outdone, and deeming that injustice had been done St. Peter, wrote the following as St. Peter's reply:

Full eighteen hundred years, or more,
I've kept my gate securely fast;
There has no "little angel" strayed,
Nor recceant through the portals
past.

I did not sleep, as you supposed,
Nor left the door of heaven ajar;
There has no "little angel" left,
And gone down with a falling star.

Go ask that blushing bride, and see
If she don't frankly own and say
That when she found that angel babe,
She found it in the good old way.

God grant but this—I ask no more—
That should your number still en-
large,
You will not do as done before,
And lay it to Old Peter's charge.

Indian Songs

Washington, D. C., April 19, 1916.

Editor of Reedy's Mirror:

I have just been to Ratan Devi's recital of Indian songs. The extraordinary enthusiasm with which they were received is evidence of more than mere appreciation. It seemed to me that the audience recognized the great need of this nation of ours: concentration of thought, and peace of mind. This music is entirely strange to our ears. It expresses the very reverse of our restlessness and anxiety. It contains all human experience in itself. There is nothing to hope and nothing to fear, because everything has already happened so oft-

en before. Also, everything is illusion. The manifested universe is only the magic veil upon the limbs of the Great Dancer—GOD. That such ideas should be appreciated in America, is a sign of the great revolution in the whole character of our thought which I believe to be at hand.

STUART.

A Word for West Pointers

St. Louis, April 25, 1916.

Editor of *Reedy's Mirror*:

I have read with interest the letter of Private Brown, late of the Seventeenth Infantry, U. S. A., in the current issue of the *MIRROR*, and I have pondered long over his antagonism to West Point and the modern day West Pointers.

Private Brown dwells at length upon the fact that neglect made possible the Columbus tragedy, and that "the 'tin soldier' of the National Guard would have done better" than the regular troops concerned in his discussion. In conclusion, I gathered that the blame falls upon the fact that West Point is now "engaged in turning out . . . U. S. Grant, III, Robert E. Lee, III, Phil Sheridan, II, and a whole lot of lesser heroes by divine inheritance" as officers in our army.

I won't dispute the gentleman, but if memory serves me correctly—and it should, for I am a very young man, and it has been but a matter of months since I studied the history of this country—the war in which U. S. Grant, I, Robert E. Lee, I, and Phil Sheridan, I, distinguished themselves opened with an engagement which found the soldiers of these United States in a far worse state of preparedness than the Columbus affair disclosed. As I remember it, man after man attempted to successfully direct the destinies of the Union army, and all of them failed. Then Grant came, and there was a different story; but the soldiers who had preceded him were West Pointers—they were men who had been graduated with him, and with Lee, and with Sheridan. They were not to be blamed, these men. They had been put to the test and found wanting.

Fifty years ago, then, West Point was turning out successes and failures just as West Point is doing to-day. So, after all, Private Brown might do well to wait and at least give our modern West Pointers a chance to prove themselves—he might permit Grant, III, Lee, III, and Sheridan, II, to reach their prime and be given their trial.

In the meantime, he might stand by and tip his hat to the young Americans in West Point who are devoting their lives to the unremunerative defense and service of an ever critical people.

DEMPSTER O. MURPHY.

The Art of Misses Parrish and Risque

Editor of *Reedy's Mirror*:

I made a little journey the other day to the art shrine maintained by the Noonan and Kocian Company, to see the joint exhibition by Williamina Parrish and Caroline Risque. The *Argus-eyed MIRROR* has already reviewed it,

but the one-eyed newspapers apparently overlooked it, and it may not be amiss to say again what a rattling good exhibit it is.

The photographic studies are no doubt of keen interest to photographers for their technical excellence. Miss Parrish emphatically disclaims "manipulating" the negatives, which makes the effects she has obtained by "straight" photography all the more remarkable. Several of the studies have the quality of etchings, one at least could easily pass for a charcoal sketch, not a few suggest painting. But the merest amateur, who never did more than make a snapshot of the baby in his backyard, can enjoy the beauty of these pictures. They have beauty, and they have it abundantly—in idea, in subject, in model, in pose, in expression, in line and mass, in drapery or the absence of drapery, in tone and composition, and even in the small detail of title. They have, moreover, in some cases, almost a dramatic interest, especially in the numerous studies of the superb young man whose many-sided nature lends itself to interpret now the young Russian "Sasha," in whose brooding eyes are dreams of liberty and revolution; the "Faune" wild and beautiful, not naked, only free and happy; the alert

and sensitive "Artist" of the marvelous hands; the romantic "Espagnole;" and the "Poet" whose head droops languidly with the weight of lovely dreamings. Even beauty with a hint of decay is within the range of this chameleon, as in "Dorian Grey," aptly named for a character created by Oscar Wilde.

Miss Parrish has shown the range of her interpretative faculty in such works as "Ghosts," with its intense expression of supernatural terror, like a tale by De Maupassant; in "Vin Blanc," a study of a Pierrot sipping from a calla-lily, posed by Miss Zoe Akins—a very unusual use of white on white, with a few knowing touches of black; in the moonlight-on-marble effect of the splendid head she calls "Swan-Song;" in the magical light on land and sea of the "Mermaid," "Dawn," and "The Seal-Child;" and in the sensual satisfaction of "Cigarette."

Of the figures in sculpture it is almost sufficient praise to say that they are what one would have expected of Caroline Risque, but even to one familiar with her work, this collection is surprising. There is simply no one else who can touch Caroline Risque in her field. She has the fingers of *Titania*, and every piece of clay she touches retains and radiates her creative

power. The figures are all small, yet they have bigness. They display an infinite amount of conscientious artistry in their minute perfection. Look at the hands of "Mere Colin!" Her range of sympathy is not very wide, but within it she is inimitable—the little girl buttoning her dress, a slim youth, the frail softness of a newborn baby (this last on exhibit at the Artists' Guild), a wrinkled old peasant, a sedately dainty young girl of 1830. She has in this exhibit three studies of old women; it is instructive to compare them and realize their absolute individuality, one thick-set, bustling, rather stupid, one very, very old and thin and bowed, with chin and nose to meet, one an old Frenchwoman whose face beams with vivacity and kindness, an adorable old woman, an old woman to fall in love with!

Of this entire exhibit one may say that it has distinction. There is no fumbling in execution, no repetition of an inspiration, no copying of anyone else. It is the work of artists who have something to say, and who have said it.

VINE MCCASLAND.

♦♦♦

"I know a man," said Uncle Eben, "dat kep' so busy lookin' up for clouds wif silver linin's dat he done walked into a coal-hole."—*Washington Star*.

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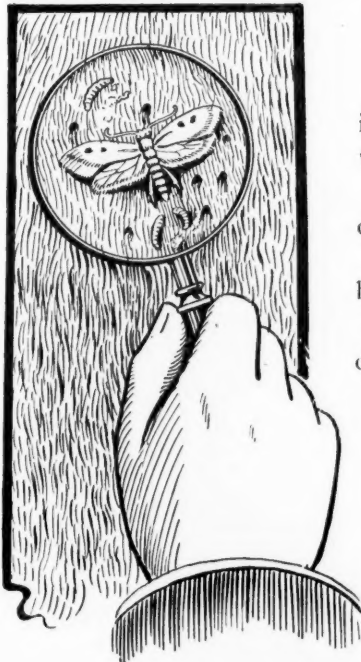
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The Revival in Real Estate

There is no manner of doubt that the real estate market is coming back in St. Louis. There is evidence of it on every hand. There is also evidence that the public has been properly impressed by the return of prosperity throughout the country and that the people are doing what they should have kept on doing for years—putting their money in ground values that cannot fail, without regard to policies and politics and war or peace.

The fresh impulse that has been given to the St. Louis market is largely due to the persistent work of such concerns as the Weisels-Gerhart Company. Neither Mr. Weisels nor Mr. Gerhart is given to blowing his own horn but it is known among shrewd buyers that they are very close to the foundation of the real estate business and that their advice is the best to be had in real estate quarters. During all the dull time in the real estate market they have kept in active connection with investors all over the country and there is no doubt that they have brought in much outside money.

Now that the interest of the local public in realty has been stimulated—and of that there is no doubt—it would be the part of wisdom for people who have an idea of insuring the future by buying a home or investing in St. Louis city property, to consult the gentlemen composing this company. It is a well-known fact that St. Louis property is "the best buy" in urban property in the United States—that nowhere else can property be had at anything like the prices with an assurance of an immediate increase.

But one cannot make that sort of investment without expert advice, and Messrs. Weisels and Gerhart are perhaps better equipped to give that advice than any other two men in the city. They have both been in the St. Louis real estate business for something like a quarter of a century and they have large resources and a splendid buying and selling organization. They are the men to see.

♦♦♦

Coming Shows

"Sumurun" comes to the Columbia Theater next week, beginning with Monday's matinee. Those St. Louisans who follow the really worth while events in the history of the contemporary theater have long been awaiting the appearance of this production. It is the "new drama" in one of its finest manifestations. The Columbia Theater organization deserves the good will of the theatrical elect for its enterprise in presenting this production. It will be the sensation of a season in which the Columbia has given us many attractions of the first magnitude. "Sumurun" was produced first at the Deutsches Theater in Berlin, by Max Reinhardt. It was a revelation and a revolution over there. When it was transplanted to New York, at the Casino Theater, under the direction of Winthrop Ames, it interested and captivated the best elements of the theater-going population of the metropolis. Now it comes to St. Louis with Miss Gertrude Hoffman in the leading role, supported

by a company containing such actors and actresses as Charles Henderson, Hortense Zaro, Guarany Shriff, Kenneth Harlan, Enrice Muris, Hammed Shriff, Edward Colebrook, Sid Marion, Robert Milash, Clyde MacKinley, Howard Holden, William Noxon, Annabelle Booth, Emily Drange, Beatrice Hughes, May Jennings, Mildred La Gue, Ida Arthur, Martha Perry and Lillian Stein. The production is staged for Miss Hoffman by Richard Ordynsky, pupil and apostle of Max Reinhardt, who brought the original company to this country. This means that we shall have the performance in its original, unique splendor. "Sumurun" is a mimo-drama, or wordless play, of Oriental life and passion. It is pantomime in splendid settings of scenery startlingly new, constituting in themselves a story in landscape and interior. The colors are a continuous harmony, from the soft and tender to the blazing and dazzling. It adds to the effect that the play and the scenery, too, sometimes verge upon the grotesque. The music, by Victor Hollaender, also has much of this peculiar realistic and yet futuristic quality. Miss Hoffman appears as the beautiful slave of fatal enchantment. She and her company move through a series of eight scenes of most artistic environment. Nothing that has been seen as yet in

this region gives the faintest adumbration of the effectiveness with which "Sumurun" presents the life, the atmosphere and the color of the Arabian Nights. The contemplation of the spectacle and the actings is not so much in the nature of attending a play as experiencing a translation. There are sixty-six people in Miss Hoffman's company, each letter-perfect in his or her part in this drama of unbroken silence. This engagement will be the sensation of the week, and one may say of the season. * * * Second place on the programme is given to a one act musical comedy by A. Seymour Brown, with thirteen persons in the cast, among whom are Jack Henley, Rose Gardner and Joseph B. Roberts. Others on the bill are Searl Allen and Ed Howard in "A Real Pal;" Mabelle Adams and Marion Murray in a comedy classic; Major Mack Rhodes, a fourteen-year-old violinist phenomenon; Tuscano Brothers, battle-axe jugglers, and the Orpheum Travel Weekly.

Lovers of the play in St. Louis will fail in devotion if they do not patronize the performances at the Park and Shendoah theaters of Miss Chrystal Herne. Here is a young woman who gets the most delightful effects by the simplest, easiest and quietest methods.

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Her acting is a delight. Those who have seen "Cousin Kate" will be sure to go to the Park next week, when Miss Herne appears in the comedy, "The Marriage of Kitty," by Cosmo Gordon Lenox. In this play Miss Marie Tempest has been seen here. Miss Herne does not suffer by comparison with Miss Tempest. In the support of Miss Herne, Mitchell Harris will appear as *Sir Reginald Belsize*; Stanley James as *John Travers*; Miss Vessie Farrell as *Madame de Semiano*; Miss Marie Prather as *Rosalie*; Henry Hull as *Norbury*, and Louis Calhern as *Hampton*. These are all good parts which will be well taken. The acting should add to the interest of the play.

Miss Anne Bussert, who made her debut at the Park this week as prima donna in DeKoven's "Robin Hood," achieved a triumphant success. She has youth, beauty, a voice, sprightliness, grace and she can act. She seems to fit in to the greatest American light opera better than anyone who has taken her role since the production made its first appearance. After Miss Bussert the honors go to Mr. Overton Moyle. His singing of "The Armorer's Song" is something to evoke enthusiasm. Arthur Burckley as *Robin Hood* is up to all the tenor requirements. Sarah Edwards makes a charming *Alan A-Dale* in which she sings prettily "O, Promise Me." Louise Allen as *Annabelle*, Billy Kent as *Guy of Gisborne*, Royal Cutter as *Friar Tuck* and George Natanson as *Little John* contribute effectively to the pleasure of the presentation. Natanson's "Brown October Ale" is good singing. Then there's Frank Moulan as the *Sheriff of Nottingham*—very, very funny. The chorus is admirably trained. The Chimes song is most attractively done. The scenery and chorus are high class. "Robin Hood" will be transferred to the Shenandoah next Monday evening for a week.

Woolfolk's Follies is the star feature at the Grand Opera House for next week. These Follies follow Ziegfeld's. They are a lively, colorful, musical revue. The company is composed of juvenile performers. The revue has eight scenes containing fifteen specialties and numbers. In the cast are Mabel Walser, late of "Nobody Home"; Olivette Maines, Bobbie Earle, Gertrude Earle and Bobbie Stewart. There are twenty others. "The Dance of the Cities" is a unique number of this entertainment. Staines' Tanbark Comedians is a funny circus act, in which the actors are two little Shetland ponies and a highly temperamental mule. Harrison Greene and Katherine Parker, late of Weber and Fields and known as the blue ribbon pair, give a happy comedy. The Smilette Sisters in a novelty act; Louis London, in character song-studies; Campbell and McDonald in character songs and dances; Marco, the shadowgraphist, and new animated and comedy pictures are other features of a fine programme.

The Triangle Play programmes at the American Theater grow better and better. Next week beginning Sunday at eleven and continuous from eleven to

eleven daily, the foremost number is a seven-reel feature, "The Beggar of Cawnpore," with H. B. Warner in the star part. It deals with the Sepoy rebellion of 1857. Mr. Warner has the role of an English physician in India who becomes a drug addict. This film is one of Thomas H. Ince's notable achievements. The Griffith Fine Arts production will be "The Children in the House," a fantastic modern domestic drama showing Norma Talmadge and a strong cast in striking situations. There will be two of the latest and funniest Keystone comedies.

Godowski

Leopold Godowski, the pianist, will appear in recital at the Odeon, Wednesday evening, May 3. The mere announcement is enough to set musical circles agog. His programme includes Schuman's "Carnival" with its varied numbers—enough of them to make almost a whole concert of themselves. There will be two etudes and two waltzes by Chopin; two "Songs Without Words" by Mendelssohn; a serenade by Rubinstein; a concert study and campanella by Liszt; Haengelt's Berceuse; Moskowski's "En Automne" and Schubert's "Marche Militaire."

New Books Received

CLIPPED WINGS by Rupert Hughes. New York: Harper & Bros.; \$1.35.

The fascinating romance of a brilliant woman's struggle between the conflicting demands of love and ambition, by one of America's most entertaining writers.

HANDLE WITH CARE by Margaret Turnbull. New York: Harper & Bros.; \$1.35 net.

Showing what a good woman can do to better a man's life. Not preachy.

THE HIDDEN SPRING by Clarence B. Kelland. New York: Harper & Brothers; \$1.25 net.

Fun, business conflict, tragedy and love.

SEVENTEEN by Booth Tarkington. New York: Harper & Bros.; \$1.35.

Without doubt the most entertaining bit of writing ever done by Mr. Tarkington. All the throes of puppy-love. And then there's the little sister.

ON BEING HUMAN by Woodrow Wilson. New York: Harper & Bros.; 50 cents.

A plea directed to each and every man that he use his leisure and his education for the advancement of the race and the nation. Sound sense in few words.

WALL STREET STORIES by Edwin Lefevre. New York: Harper & Bros.; \$1.00 net.

Clever dissection of the characters of Wall street, the bulls and the bears, the wolves and the lambs, through the medium of entertaining short stories.

PRINCIPLES OF LABOR LEGISLATION by John R. Commons, I.L. D., and John B. Andrews, Ph. D. New York: Harper & Bros.; \$2.00 net.

Labor legislation concisely summarized and formulated. Workmen's compensation laws, minimum wage laws, regulation of the hours of the working day, prohibition of night work are some of the subjects treated. Written jointly by the professor of political economy of the University of Wisconsin and the secretary of the American Association for Labor Legislation, the book considers the subject from the standpoint of the citizen and the student, emphasizing the principles of the law and not the details. There is a select critical bibliography, a table of the cases cited and an exhaustive index. A valuable and authoritative work.

EXILE by Dolf Wyllarde. New York: John Lane & Co.; \$1.35 net.

At an English government post in the Orient. The attaches finding time heavy on their hands spend it recklessly and joyously in the violation of every one of the Ten Commandments—all most courteously, of course, under cloak of social intercourse and business necessity. "An idle brain is the devil's workshop."

HER HUSBAND'S PURSE by Helen R. Martin. New York: Doubleday-Page & Co.; \$1.35.

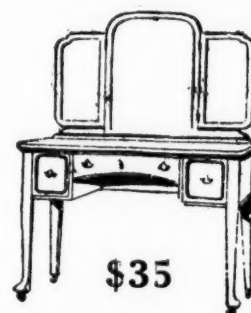
A miserly Northern millionaire and his bride, an impecunious Southern spender. Margaret Berkeley, after a girlhood devoted to the care of a crusty uncle, is left at twenty-five dependent upon her selfish sister. The only avenue of escape appears to be marriage with Daniel Leitzel, a Northern lawyer, who has visited her brother-in-law on business. He adored her; she tolerated him. Happiness

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might have resulted but for their difference of opinion as to the value of money. Incidents pathetic, amusing, ridiculous, disgusting crowd the book with interest; but it is not quite fair, inasmuch as the worst qualities of the Pennsylvania Dutch are contrasted with the best of the Southerner. But it's "mighty interesting" reading.

WHY WAR by Frederick C. Howe. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; \$1.50 net.

An exhaustive and clear-cut analysis of the causes of war, in phrases and terms that anyone can understand. War as related to the people, the war lords, secret diplomacy, surplus wealth, financial imperialism, etc., interestingly presented, with concrete facts on such incidents as America and the Chinese loan, France and the Morocco affair, Germany and the Baghdad railway and the partition of Persia. Indexed.

FULFILLMENT by Emma Wolf. New York: Henry Holt & Co.; \$1.35 net.

A love story with a San Francisco setting. Orphan sisters, one beautiful, impetuous, headstrong, whose growth through love and sorrow is made possible by the nobility and loyalty of the other. Love in all its phases—parental, fraternal, conjugal—is the main theme.

THE SEED OF THE RIGHTEOUS by Juliet Wilbor Tompkins. Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill Co.; \$1.25 net.

The family of a dead philanthropist imagine that because of their father's generosity, the world should be prodigal toward them. One daughter eventually realizes the fallacy of this

reasoning and then ensues a change. Interesting.

THE DAREDEVIL by Maria Thompson Daviess. Chicago: Reilly & Britton; \$1.35 net.

A French marquise masquerades as an American gentleman. There follow romance and intrigue. A stirring novel by the author of "The Melting of Molly."

COME OUT OF THE KITCHEN by Alice Duer Miller. New York: Century Co.; \$1.25 net.

A wealthy Northerner rents a Southern house, agreeing to retain the servants. As the servants, besides being excellent servants, are also interesting individuals, the romance attending dancing and driving and riding and other entertainments dear to Southerners is somewhat unusually complicated.

CHILDREN OF HOPE by Stephen Whitman. New York: Century Co.; \$1.40 net.

An American scientist becoming suddenly wealthy transports himself and his three lovely

daughters to the culture centers of Europe. The adventures of the daughters in their pursuit of art are woven into a charmingly humorous romance. Well written.

THE SAN DIEGO GARDEN FAIR by Eugen Neuhaus. San Francisco: Paul Elder & Co.

Mr. Neuhaus is assistant professor of decorative design in the University of California. In this volume he gives his personal impressions of the architecture, sculpture, horticulture, color scheme and other aesthetic aspects of the Panama-California International Exposition held at San Diego. He also treats in detail of the topography of the Exposition, its historical background as furnished by the events and adventures of the early days of California, the genealogy of the architecture traced through the influences which contributed to it. The book is most beautifully and appropriately printed and bound, with numerous full page illustrations and a biographical appendix.

THE BEST SHORT STORIES OF 1915 AND THE YEAR BOOK OF THE AMERICAN SHORT STORY, edited by Edward J. O'Brien. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co.; \$1.50.

A reprint of the twenty short stories selected by Mr. O'Brien, who is literary critic of the Boston Transcript, as the best appearing in forty-six American magazines during 1915. There is a critical survey of the whole and a complete list of the distinctive short stories published in these magazines in 1914 and 1915.

A New Violin Virtuoso

A young St. Louis virtuoso (a pupil of Victor Lichtenstein) gave a recital of music written for the violin at the Wednesday Club last week and came into triumphant if tardy recognition—the usual experience of the artist who has the misfortune of being under forty. Isadore Greenberg is but eighteen years old, has a robust physique (he is over six feet tall) possessed of enormous endurance, displays virility of style and execution, and is a violinist by the grace of God. He possesses the still rarer gift, poise.

His programme, in itself audacious, was a challenge and a boast. Only a performer of unusual skill and endurance could have successfully given an account of it. He further demonstrated his youthful self-reliance by playing on an instrument whose acquaintance he had made only three days before—a magnificent Guarnerius of 1676. His tone is enormous, full of vitality, with the freshness of youth and exaltation of courage expressed in every bow-stroke. His left hand is a compass spanning the difficult intervals on the finger-board with almost mathematical precision. His interpretation, in harmony with his nature, is masculine and full-blooded, even if we miss the delicate nuance and shade which we are accustomed to hear in the playing of the great artists. His numbers were from Paganini, Vieuxtemps, Paganini-Kreisler, Wagner-Wilhelmj, Mozart-Kreisler and Ernst. The boy does not merely show promise of something to be, he is already a fulfillment of a divine promise.

The New Old Laclede

There are not many of those fine old hotels, about which the memories of the elder generation linger, that are still making good with the present generation. The most prominent of the old houses was, perhaps, the old Fifth Avenue, in New York, where the politics of the nation was discussed and administrations were made and unmade; where Boss Tom Platt and others of his kind met and made and unmade presidents and governors and, on occasion sent orders to the Senate—and the orders were obeyed. The Fifth Avenue "had nothing on" some of the old hotels of St. Louis that were famous up and down the

river; where the Southern planter held his state and kept his family in the winter—and where he and his pals might get together for a quiet game in which the stakes were of a character that left no room for a "piker." With it all there was a high class to those old houses that does not manifest itself in the tinsel palaces that a latter day has produced in hotels.

The Laclede Hotel is the sole surviving representative of the old hotel of the high class that has gone along with the procession and is, as it was for many years back, the gathering-place of political personages of St. Louis and the State and where the old-timers mix with the newer generation to the benefit of both. There is no place in St. Louis where one will meet so many men whose names are known to the public as in the lobby of the Laclede; and there is no place where one is so likely to meet the wives of the better class of merchants and public men of the State as in the parlors of the same house. There is an air of spaciousness about those parlors that is altogether lacking in hotels built in a day when the conservation of space is the first consideration; and the man who builds a hotel to-day would never dream of putting in the great, big, airy bedrooms that are still a feature of the Laclede. There is room everywhere for a man to breathe, and his wife is likely to luxuriate in an apartment big enough to move about in. Of course, the Laclede to-day is modern in its equipment—brass beds and other latter-day accessories have taken the place of the old mahogany furniture, but the air of comfort and satisfaction in one's surroundings is the prevailing note, as it always was.

It is a rejuvenated Laclede that now presents a smiling front to the public and one does not readily conceive how it is possible that the rejuvenation should have been effected in the few months that have passed since the death of Capt. Joseph Griswold and the closing of the house. But the hotel has regained all its old-time popularity and has added something to that under the new administration. It is a fine example of how a clever man, who understands the business of standing as host to the public, can bring an old hotel up to modern standards. It is not much more than six months since Fred D. Michael took over the lease of the property. He was a young, active and aggressive hotel man of the modern school and he had a couple of hotels in St. Louis. He knew his public and he was convinced that the Laclede could be brought back and he took on a lease that other hotel men were not bidding very high for.

His judgment was right. The public liked the Laclede and all Mr. Michael had to do was to modernize it in equipment and administration. He had a pretty big furniture bill and the plumber had a big account; much of the interior had to be reconstructed, but the results have been eminently satisfactory to landlord Michael—and, evidently, to the public, for there are few hotels in the State that have quite the same standing in popular esteem, and there is certainly not another example in St. Louis of how brains can be applied to the business of entertaining the public so as

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to get immediate results. The new Laclede does justice to the old Laclede and to its traditions, but it also does justice to the requirements of the modern public and it is very apparent that landlord Michael has performed what was regarded as impracticable, in that he has made profitable and prosperous a fine hotel of the old school, which might have gone to join the old Southern as a dead property if it had not been for the enterprise and sagacity of this Napoleon in the reconstruction of old-time hostelryes.

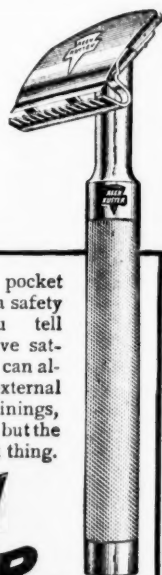
Cancer is Curable

Most people regard cancer as a hopelessly incurable disease. On the contrary, it presents, in the great majority of cases, no particularly difficult surgical problem. The 80,000 deaths that result from cancer in the United States every year constitute a huge monument to carelessness and ignorance, both on the part of the layman and the physician. For the greater part of these unfortunate need not have died—modern medical science could have restored many of them to health.

This seems an astounding statement, yet it is true. And it is a truth which the American Society for the Control of Cancer has for several years been attempting to impress upon the American people. The fact that cancer, far from decreasing, is apparently increasing, indicates that this humanitarian effort has so far had little success. Certainly the association's latest statistics should arouse the popular mind. These show that early operation cures cancer of the breast in 80 per cent of the cases, cancer of the lip in 95 per cent, and cancer of the tongue in 80 per cent. In delayed operations the proportion of successes is 25 per cent in cancer of the breast, 60 per cent in cancer of the lip, and 15 per cent in cancer of the tongue.

Anyone who could make the American public, or even a small proportion of it, carefully read and digest these figures would confer a priceless boon upon humanity. Intelligent action, based upon them, would save unspeakable suffering and thousands of lives every year. They tell the whole story of cancer treatment, justify the statement that cancer is a curable disease, and do much to remove one of the greatest terrors that now overshadows mankind.

The Temper's the Thing



WHEN you buy a pocket knife—a razor or a safety razor—how can you tell whether it is going to give satisfactory service? You can always examine their external points, such as handles, linings, rivets, springs and finish, but the temper is the important thing.

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The cure for cancer, as these figures show, is not radium, the x-rays—useful as these are on many occasions—far less the thousands of quack remedies that prey upon the hopes and purses of cancer patients and their friends. The one resource is early operation. There is one reason, and one reason only, why we have this huge mortality from cancer. The physicians and surgeons usually get the disease in its last stages—when nothing can be done. If they could get their patients when cancer first manifests itself, the death rate would be enormously decreased. For at its beginning cancer is a local disease. Merely cutting out the tumor, when it starts, usually ends its career. In the later

stages, the cancer cell, which causes the disease, gets into the blood, circulates all over the body, and starts growths in a multitude of places. Operation clearly cannot cure a blood disease, such as cancer is in these later manifestations. But if the surgeon can operate on the original focus, before it becomes generalized, a life can be saved.

When the first growth appears on an internal organ, there are difficulties—though not always insuperable—in recognizing it. There is no excuse, however, for not noticing a growth on the exterior body. One of the commonest forms of cancer, for example, is that of the female breast. Any woman who notices a growth, however small, in this place, should at once consult an experienced physician. Such a growth is usually incipient cancer, and any physician who "pooh poohs!" or neglects it, as many do, is guilty of criminal negligence. If the surgeon can get this patient when the growth is no bigger than a pea or a walnut, he can usually perform a perfect cure. Such an operation is a simple one, taking only a few minutes. And, generally speaking, any one who notices a lump, however small, anywhere on the body—especially if it gradually increases in size—should at once consult an expert. It may not be malignant cancer, but it may be, and this is a risk that no sensible person can ever afford to take.—*From the World's Work for May.*

Clerks and Ankles

By Ella McMunn

The other day I went into a shoe shop in Salem to have the heels taken off my shoes, and, because it isn't aristocratic to carry a package, I just took the shoes in on my feet. Of course that was not the real reason I took them that way, but it will do as well as any other. I felt a little foolish taking off my shoes in the middle of the day, and right before folks, too, so I looked around to see if anybody noticed it, and if there wasn't a whole row of people in their stocking feet! I laughed—at my own feet of course—and had to snatch up a copy of *Collier's Weekly* to read, but even that did not suppress my mirth, for the visage of those incompletely clad persons was very solemn; suffering, I conjectured, from cold feet.

The clerk wanted to put my shoes on for me, and looked a little disappointed when I told him I knew how myself, because, at Lake Labish, where I buy my shoes, you just go behind the counter, and turn your back to the audience, that keeps turning itself around the stove so as to get warm all around alike, and the storekeeper goes out and whistles and comes back and talks about the weather, like we do you know when something has happened that shouldn't.

But I blush to relate it—I saw various kinds of ladies in Salem come in and let the handsome, dreamy-eyed clerk try a hundred pairs of shoes upon them, when they didn't need any at all, and the clerk knew it; but if he had grabbed one of their ankles outside of the shoe store, they would have called the police. Now wouldn't they? or would they? Whaddaya bet?—*The Salem Journal.*

Marts and Money

The Wall Street market was badly upset by President Wilson's "last word" to the German Government, disquieting rumors concerning affairs in Mexico, and massy liquidation in numerous prominent quarters. Particular weakness developed in copper, lead, locomotive, oil, sugar, steel, and zinc certificates which had long and extraordinarily been popular with the boys and quoted at prodigious prices. The sudden and startling declines uncovered multitudinous stop-loss orders, and brought anxious hours to the brokerage community. American Locomotive common, which sold at 83¾ on March 14, is now quoted at 63; Baldwin Locomotive common is down to 85, after having sold at 154½ on October 23, 1915. Anaconda Copper depreciated \$7 in the course of the past week; American Zinc, Lead & Smelting, \$6; Crucible Steel common, \$13; General Electric, \$6; General Motors common, \$25; American Smelting common, \$9; Mexican Petroleum, \$14; Industrial Alcohol, \$18; Westinghouse Electric, \$8 (for the \$50 share), and United States Steel common \$3.50. The quotations for leading railroad stocks declined \$2 or \$3; the losses since the early part of last January were thereby increased to \$9 and \$10 in some instances.

The outburst of liquidation was attended by hints at a serious hitch in the negotiations bearing upon the granting of supplementary loans to the French and Russian governments. Previously, it had been intimated that the New York bankers had agreed to lend \$100,000,000 to the French nation under conditions that would insure a further marked improvement in the quotation for drafts on Paris and facilitate efforts to distribute the new securities among American investors. Exactly why there should have arisen difficulties in these financial dickeringings, no one in authority appeared to know or be willing to explain. Some of the pacifists took occasion, incidentally, to point out that the material reduction in the French Government's demands (there had been talk some weeks ago of a \$300,000,000 credit) signified an early termination of the war. This sort of opinionation undoubtedly helped to aggravate the uneasy state of feeling among owners of absurdly inflated war stocks. On top of it all came predictions of an embargo on exports of munitions in the event of war with Germany.

An excellent assortment of unpropitious news and gossip, sure enough, when viewed from the standpoint of the professional wrecking crews. With regard to the urgent selling of American Smelting & Refining, Mexican Petroleum, and Southern Pacific Railway shares, it should be stated, specifically, that it was powerfully stimulated by insinuations of a cancelling of very valuable concessions owned by these companies south of the Rio Grande. Presumably, the cancellation is to be done by the Carranza authorities.

The sharp advance in reichsmark exchange on Berlin received little attention outside of banking circles. No disposition was shown to regard it as a forerunner of peace pourparlers; the



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predominant idea was that it should be considered the outgrowth of renewed liquidation of American securities for German account, as well as reflective of the impending importation of large quantities of dyestuffs from Germany. Some time ago, German exchange was down to 71 cents for four reichsmarks; the current rate is 75¾ cents; parity is 95⅛. The rate for Paris exchange has recovered from 6.09 francs, the recent absolute minimum, to 5.90; parity is 5.18. Bills on London remain unchanged at \$4.7650. Some betterment can be noted, also, in the quotation for Russian rubles.

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There's some reason for believing that the extensive deflation that already has taken place in the values of shares of corporations directly or indirectly

profiting from orders for war supplies is premonitory, in part, of rising hopes of a grounding of arms before October 1, 1916. Vague symptoms of growth of pacific longings can be detected likewise in some other directions, including State Chancelleries at the capitals of the foremost belligerent nations. These indications or intimations may be merely psychologic or transitory phenomena, but they are perceivable, just the same. May it be the will of the good Lord to transform them into a glorious and wondrous fact at an early date.

Bethlehem Steel common is now valued at 410; on October 22, 1915, the quotation was 600. The yearly rate of dividend is 30 per cent. Purchasers at the current price thus get about 7 3/8 per cent on their invested funds. If it could safely be assumed that the company will be in position to pay the 30 per cent for a number of years, the stock would not be overvalued at or near the existing quotation. Such assumption is quite untenable, however. It must firmly be kept in mind that the prosperity of the company still is largely, or chiefly, the outcome of war contracts, and that a termination of the struggle must *ipso facto* substantially curtail the net profits. In making this statement I am not forgetful of the great increase, since August 1, 1914, in the property's producing capacity or capacities. Let's not altogether lose sight of the fact that in none of the seven years prior to January 1, 1914, was the company able to pay the 7 per cent preferred dividend. Holders received only part of what was supposed to be coming to them, or nothing at all. The owners of the common stock did not receive a cent; their first dividend was given them less than a year ago. From the foregoing considerations it necessarily follows that a further and still more material decline in the common shares' value cannot be said to be improbable.

In the New York market, the quotation for bar silver has risen to 65 3/4 cents per ounce fine; a week ago, it was 63 3/4. A corresponding enhancement is indicated by the price quoted in London. The total improvement now amounts to almost 20 cents. According to a statement issued by one of the leading silver firms in London—Mocatta & Goldsmid—there's keen competition for the metal in the European market, with liberal purchasing for the account of China and India. American offerings are comparatively small. "So long as these conditions last, we can hardly look for any setback, and even higher prices may be expected." The prevailing value is the highest since 1907, when coinage was suspended in the Indian Empire.

Authoritative reports respecting the steel trade are satisfactory, despite hints at a contraction in the volume of war orders and a little less activity in the pig iron branch. We are told that the Pennsylvania Railroad Co. has placed an order for 205,000 tons of steel rails, or the largest on record. Some good-sized contracts have been awarded also by a few other companies. Notable betterment is reported, in the equipment business, especially in the buying of heavy locomotives. There are no

signs, as yet, of an impairment of quoted prices for finished steel, but it would not be surprising if some shading were to be reported before long. It is admitted that the existing high levels are somewhat restrictive of new business.

Some weeks ago, the New York quotation for lead, as fixed by the American Smelting & Refining Co., was 8 cents a pound; at present, it is 7.25 cents. It seems interesting, but not entirely unprecedented, that the decline in the staple's value should have coincided with the downward movement in the quotations for metal and all other popular Wall Street certificates. National Lead common, which was quoted at 73 3/8 on January 19, last, is now selling at 62. Even the veriest tyro in Wall Street speculation should have understood, in the past year and a half, that there is at all times singularly effective collaboration between the executive offices of prominent metal corporations and their representatives on and around the Stock Exchange.

Finance in St. Louis.

They did a remarkably good business on the Fourth Street Exchange. Almost every session resulted in long strings of transactions. Prices were well maintained in most all the important cases. Where declines did occur, they were not at all severe. United Railways 4s, which were down to 50 some days ago, have made a neat recovery, the present purchase price being 60.25. The preferred stock remains weak, though. Two hundred and forty shares were sold at 12.50 to 15. No business of real interest was done in the common certificates. Five thousand dollars Union Depot Railway 6s were taken at 102.12 1/2, and \$1,000 East St. Louis & Suburban 5s at 90.

The turnover in commercial and industrial shares was again of large proportions. One hundred and seventy shares of International Shoe common brought 92.50 and 92.75; fifty-five of the preferred 100 and 100.50; nearly three hundred Chicago Railway Equipment 101 to 104, with a few small transfers at 108. The quotation for Wagner Electric receded a little further; eighty shares were sold at 248.50. Hamilton-Brown Shoe stock, to the amount of twenty shares, was disposed of at 100. Twenty shares of Union Sand & Material were transferred at 77.50; denoting an advance of two points for the week; fifteen St. Louis Cotton Compress at 35, seventeen Laclede Gas preferred at 100.50, and one hundred and twenty Independent Breweries first preferred at 9.12 1/2 and 9.25.

One hundred and sixty shares of Bank of Commerce were traded in at 108.50 to 111, with the last sale at the first-named figure; fifty-eight Title Guaranty Trust at 105 to 112; five Mercantile Trust at 211.75; five Boatmen's Bank at 127.50; fifty Third National at 232, and fifteen Merchants-Laclede National at 290.

The steadiness, or rather firmness, of prices in the local market appears especially noteworthy in view of the heavy selling and lowered prices on the Exchange in New York. Whether or not a continuation of the break in the

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East should unfavorably affect St. Louis values, is a question coming in for a good deal of discussion in Fourth street offices. According to precedents, it should have some harmful effects.

Latest Quotations.

	Bid.	Asked.
Mechanics-Am. Nat.	105 1/2	258 1/2
Nat. Bank of Commerce	232	
Third Nat. Bank	362 1/2	
St. L. Union Trust	13 3/4	14
United Railways pfd.	59 1/4	59 1/2
do 4s	99 3/4	100 1/2
St. L. & S. 1st 5s	76	76 3/4
do gen. 5s	97 3/4	98 1/2
Broadway 4 1/2 s	96 3/4	97 1/2
Cass Av. & F. G. 4 1/2 s	99 3/4	100 1/2
Compton Heights 5s	97 3/4	
Lindell Railway 4 1/2 s	105	106
Kinloch Tele. 6s	148 1/2	
Am. Credit Indemnity		40
St. L. Cotton Compress		75 1/2
Union Sand & Mat.	130	
Ely & Walker		85
do 2d pfd.	92 1/2	
Int. Shoe com.	109 1/2	
do pfd.		104
Gen. Roofing pfd.	67 1/2	70
Granite Bi-Metallic	127 1/2	13 1/4
Ind. Brew. com.	6	
Nat. Candy com.	75 1/2	
do pfd.	98	100
Chicago Ry. Equipment		235
Wagner Electric	190 1/4	
City of St. Louis 4s, 1918	101 1/2	102
do 1928-29		

Answers to Inquiries.

Reader, St. Louis.—Great Northern is considered one of the best railroad investment stocks. The 7 per cent dividend has been paid since 1899, and is not the least in danger of reduction. There have also been extra financial favors to stockholders from time to time. In case of a fall to 115, you would not be likely to make a mistake by putting in a buying order. The stock is not largely held, at this time, by European investors.

Scared, Hannibal, Mo.—Since you bought New York Central at 108 3/4, you'll have to stick it out, and add to your holdings if you can afford to do so. In due time, the price will reascend to your level, the company's earnings continuing heavy and indicating ability to pay at least 6 per cent on the shares. If you decide to make additional acquisitions, scale your order in the proper way.

H. U. O., Kansas City, Mo.—The price of Crucible Steel common may score a substantial rally before long, but the probability of its recovering to above 100 must be regarded as decidedly slim. The fall (from 109 3/4 to 75) has been too extensive to permit of such hopes. Let go at the first good chance.

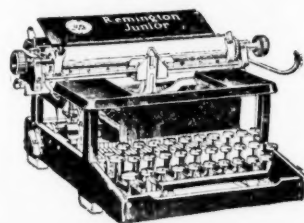
Inquirer, Peoria, Ill.—Argentine Government 5 per cent bonds, quoted at 95, are a good investment and not likely to record sharp depreciation. The top notch last year was 97; this year, 94, reached January 22. To my thinking, you would do better by purchasing first-class municipal bonds issued in the United States; even though the net yield should be less than that on Argentine bonds. A choice investment at home is a thing of beauty and a comfort forever.

S. S. M., Quincy, Ill.—The prevailing idea is that the Southern Railway Company will resume payments on its preferred stock before the end of 1916. Something like 3 per cent per annum could easily be disbursed. It is fairly probable, therefore, that the price may reascend to the high notch of January

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Mirror

13, that is, to 65. You would be justified in adding to your holdings at 53.

Stock Ticker, St. Louis.—Taking everything into consideration, St. Paul common is acting quite well. There are intimations of accumulative purchases. Like other international issues, the stock is affected by foreign selling; besides, demand is curtailed on account of the talk about a general railroad strike. If the quotation should fall to, say, 88, you should not hesitate to increase your holdings.

"Congratulate me, Freddy. Last night your sister promised to marry me."

"Oh, she promised mother she'd marry you long ago."—Life.

When passing behind a street car look out for the car approaching from the opposite direction.

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Monday, May 1st.
The Players with Chrystal Herne in
"The Marriage of Kitty"

Now Playing:
"ROBIN HOOD," introducing Miss
Anne Bussert, and celebrating the
Centennial Week of the Park
Opera Co.

SHENANDOAH

Grand and Shenandoah.
Monday, May 1st.
One Hundred and First Week of the
Park Opera Company.
DeKoven's Romantic Operatic
Masterpiece

"ROBIN HOOD"

Introducing
MISS ANNE BUSSERT,
Prima Donna.

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GRAND OPERA HOUSE 10c-20c Starting Monday May 1 and week

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Smilette Sisters
Harrison Greene and
Katherine Parker

Louis London
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AMERICAN THEATER Starting Next Sunday Matinee 11 a. m. till 11 p. m.

The Beggar of Cawnpore
with H. B. Warner, in seven reels, which is an Ince production.

The Griffith feature will be
"The Children in The House,"
with Norma Talmadge, and a very strong cast.

Two Keystone comedies of the latest vintage will complete the bill.

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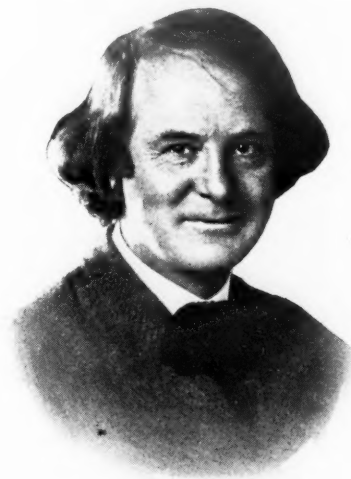
If he Were Rich

The *Aerial Age* tells of discovering a tired little boy who sat on the curb with his chin resting in his hands.

"I wish I was rich," he exclaimed.

"What would you do with your money if you were rich?" asked one of his playmates.

"I'd buy a great, big motor car," answered the little chap, "so I could fly my kite out of the back of it without running my legs off."



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